

ed. Pr.

Hull

1616-2

<36641723800011

<36641723800011

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

GENUINE LETTERS

FROM A

GENTLEMAN

TO A

YOUNG LADY HIS PUPIL.

CALCULATED

To form the TASTE, regulate the JUDGMENT,
and improve the MORALS.

WRITTEN SOME YEARS SINCE.

Now first revised and published with NOTES
and ILLUSTRATIONS,

By THOMAS HULL,

Of the THEATRE ROYAL, in COVENT-GARDEN.

*How would'st thou sport with us in learned Play,
And sage Advice in Wit's light Strain convey!*

See Let. 48. P. 211.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for J. BELL, near *Exeter Exchange*, Strand,
and C. ETHERINGTON, at *York*.

MDCCLXXII.



[1]

GENUINE LETTERS.

LETTER LXIV.

Mr. PRESTON to Miss NANCY BLISSET.

Oxon. March 24, 1742-3.

My Dear,

IN this Letter I shall give you some
Remarks on only one Book of the
Odyssey, namely, the Seventh.

Verse 21 and 22, contain a very just
Observation on the Temper of a Mob,

VOL. II.

B

and

2 GENUINE LETTERS.

and that too perhaps, in all Countries and all Ages.

Is the Epithet *rude*, which is applied to the *Phæacians*, Verse 55, entirely reconcileable to the Character given of them at Verse 12, in the last Book?

From Verse 110 to 175, is a most charming Description of the Palace and Garden of *Alcinous*. Does it not appear to you that *Ovid* has borrowed the Description of the *Palace of the Sun*, in the second Book of his *Metamorphoses*, from this Place?

Verse 224. Here is a Passage very expressive of that Hospitality you have remarked and admired so much.

From

GENUINE LETTERS. 3

From Verse 265 to 275, we have a great Resemblance to the Holy Scriptures. One of the Apostles commands us “to relieve Strangers, in-as-much as such have entertained Angels.” We see it was so with *Lot, Abraham, Jacob*, &c. and further it is said, that *God* conversed with *Moses*, Face to Face, as a Man does with his Friend.

At Verse 295, are the two Lines with which the Critics have found great Fault in the Translation, as being too mean. The Expression, “craving Bowels,” is rather beneath *Mr. Pope's* usual Style.

Ver. 370. All Night I slept oblivious of my Care.
Methinks forgetful of my Care, would, from its Simplicity, have suited the Subject better.

4 GENUINE LETTERS.

I have done with this Book, so shall release you from Criticisms at present, and change to another Subject, in which I would recommend a little of that Hospitality we so admire in the Antients. I desire, nay insist, that you will prepare a little *genial Board* for your Birth-Day, as I shall do. Invite your Mama, your Aunt, and any other Friend you like; and I beg you will not suffer any thing to be abridged, on this Occasion, to save a few Shillings. I know your Turn for Oeconomy, but remit the Strictness of it for once. Besides the Pleasure it brings, it may answer some useful Ends. It will give you an Opportunity to shew your own Address, as Mistrefs of the Feast, display your Respect to your Parents in an amiable Light, and, at the
same

GENUINE LETTERS. 5

same Time, gratify your affectionate Sensations. I am a Friend to little Indulgencies of this Kind, when confined within proper Restrictions, and not too often repeated. Thus directed, they come within the Compass of Virtue, otherwise they extend to Profusion.

Pray do as I desire; so wishing you many happy Birth-Days,

I am,

my dear Angel,

yours,

J. P.

6 GENUINE LETTERS.

LETTER LXV.

Oxon. March 25, 1743.

My Dearest,

I Hope this will be delivered into your Hands to-morrow, being your Birth-Day, when you are with your Friends, or preparing to be with them. I wish you many such Days, and that they may be happy. Give my humble Service to all that are with you when this comes to Hand, or that are to be with you in the Evening.

I went to the Inn myself yesternight, and gave Mrs. *Bewe* very peremptory Directions about your Box, so I hope you will receive it safe.

You

GENUINE LETTERS. 7

You are now entering into a new Year of your Life. The best Advice I can give you, is to be thankful to God for the past, and shew your Gratitude by using the coming Year well. As you are going to be chearful with your Friends, I will not detain you long.

You have read of *Pacolet's* wooden Horse, who, on turning a Pin, flew through the Air with his Rider, and went a great Journey in a few Moments. I could wish for such an Horse to-morrow Night, and after spending four or five Hours with you, to mount and come back here ; but as such a Wish is vain, I must even be content to want that Pleasure, and within two or three Weeks make use of a wooden Coach, instead of

8 GENUINE LETTERS.

a wooden Horse, and travel over Land, instead of flying through the Air.

I hope you will spare so much Time to-morrow Evening as to write me, if it is no more than two or three Lines ; and in the next Letter after that, I must have the History of this Evening, your Birth-Day, and Sunday. Salute your your Mama, Aunt, and Mrs. M—, with a Kifs for me. Again I wish you a happy Birth-Day, and many more ; and am, my dear Ange,

your most sincere Friend,

and Servant,

JOHN PRESTON.

P. S. Re-

P. S. Remember what I told you in my last. I insist upon it that your Birth-Day is not kept in a poor niggardly Way. Remember, I insist upon it. Adieu, ma chere Petite !

LETTER LXVI.*

Oxon. March 26, 1743.

My Dear,

HAVING an Opportunity of sending this by a private Hand, I could not omit to wish you all Health and Happiness on your Birth-Day. May you

• This and the two preceding Letters being written on Days subsequent to each other, are an undoubted Proof that our Tutor's Attention was as much awake to his Pupil's Pleasure and Amusement, as to her Instruction. How admirably does he unite the Friend with the Preceptor !

10 GENUINE LETTERS.

know your Duty to God, your Neighbour, and to yourself, and practise what you know! May you enjoy a moderate Share of the good Things of this Life, have Health of Body and Content of Mind, and then you need no more!

I am,

my dear Nancy,

yours,

J. P.

LETTER LXVII.

Oxon. March 30, 1743.

My Dear,

JUST now I received yours of the 29th, and was about to be much surprized that you was so long in answering all the Letters I wrote you last Week. I was
fud-

suddenly taken ill on your Birth-Day, and though I had engaged myself to pass the Evening at a Gentleman's Chambers in *Baliol College*, yet I could not sup, but after drinking your Health, and two or three sparing Glasses more, I was forced to quit the Company and return home. I kept my Bed two Days, and have not been out since. Though somewhat better now, I still continue ill. Pray write me soon again, and let me know how your Mama does. I shall be sure to acquaint you how I am. I dare not venture to write farther; it is with Pain I have written this.

I have made Remarks on the eighth *Odyssey*, but must defer them till my next.

My Spirits are low. Your Letters
cheer, as well as delight me.

I am,

my dear Nancy,

yours most affectionately,

J. P.

LETTER LXVIII.

Oxon. April 3, 1743.

My Dear,

I AM not yet quite recovered, and have
been out but once, to wit, this Day *,
to Chapel, it being a high Festival, and
the Sacrament administered.

* Probably Easter Sunday.

I am

I am mightily pleased with your Observations on *Rockefaucault*. I shall make some few Remarks here on the 8th and 9th *Odyſſey*, if I can get through them; but I am doubtful of my Ability, as I yet cannot endure much Application.

From the Beginning of the 8th Book, we find the great Duties that were most highly esteemed in antient Times, were Prayer, Praises, Hospitality, and Sacrifices, attended with Music.

Though the Resentment of *Ulyſſes* at Verse 183, is very just, yet surely he carries it too far.

Mr. *Pope* mentions the Opening of the 9th Book to have given great Joy to the Critics,

Critics, who wished to find Fault with so great an Author. I wonder what provoked them. *Ulysses* only animadverts on the happy State of the *Phæacians*, which is extremely just, and by no Means inconsistent with Virtue. To me therefore all Apologies to soften the Matter are entirely useless.

Verse 46. Quære, what is meant by the Expression, *a like Reward*?

Ver. 189. *We sate indulging in the genial Rite.*

I am at a Loss to know why the Translator makes use of this Expression here, the *genial Rite*.

The Speech of *Ulysses* to *Polypheme*, beginning at Verse 307, is excellent. The last eight Lines are beautifully translated,
and

and the Matter of them highly pious and instructive.

Verse 495. I think all this *fort outrée*, notwithstanding all that Mr. *Pope* has said to make it pass ; as well as the whole Story of *ἔτις*, or *Noman*.

By all Means let me know how your Mama and Aunt do. Write soon, no Matter on what Subject. I would hear any thing from you, though ever so trifling. As drowning Men catch at Straws for Relief, so dispirited Folks catch at Trifles for Comfort ; not that your Letters can ever be such to me.

I am,

dear Nancy,

yours sincerely,

J. P.

L E T-

LETTER LXIX.

Oxon. April 6, 1743.

My Dear,

I JUST now received yours of the 5th. I am somewhat better, but not entirely recovered.

If you chuse *Milton* or *Virgil* for the Subject of our ensuing Correspondence, I shall be pleased; but if you like better to write such Thoughts as occur to you on any Author you happen to be reading at the Time of writing, I shall be very well satisfied. It is true there is a noble Fund in *Milton* and *Virgil*, but I would not keep you always confined to one.

Kind

Kind of Study. The Book of *Job*, the *Psalms*, *Proverbs*, *Ecclesiastes*, the *Wisdom of Solomon*, and of *the Son of Sirach*, supply large and rich Funds for Observations ; but take your own way, and please yourself.

I should not have written you till I had read four or five more Books of the *Odysssey*, unless you had been impatient ; and as the Post is just going out, I shall not add more here, nor even transcribe my Remarks on two Books of the *Odysssey*, that are ready ; so you will probably get five together.

I may see you about this Day fortnight, or perhaps sooner. In the mean Time, keep yourself employed. Write
about

18 GENUINE LETTERS

about something, no Matter what. The Mind requires Exertion, and it is as liable to be disordered through Inactivity, as the Body.

I am, my dear,
yours,

J. P.

LETTER LXX.

Oxon. April 10, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

It is worth Observation, that *Homer* every now and then scatters short moral Reflections as he goes along: for Example, Book x. Verse 29.

Rare Gift! — but oh! what Gift to Fools avails?

No

No Wonder indeed he is so pregnant with them, since Virtue is the great End of his Work.

The Interview between *Ulysses* and his Mother, in Hell, Book xi. Verse 190, is exceeding fine.

At Verse 423, we have a new Instance of the Hospitality of the Antients.

Verse 444. In spite of all that is said in Defence of *Homer* here, I cannot help thinking all this Speech very mean, and unworthy of *Ulysses*.

The Description of *Hercules*, at Verse 747, is very awful.

I am

I am of Opinion, that if you take the whole Account of *Ulysses's* Descent into Hell, and compare it with that of *Æneas* in *Virgil's* sixth *Æneid*, you will find the former fall infinitely short of the latter ; than which nothing, sure, was ever written with greater Mastery of Fancy and Judgment. It is worth your while to compare them.

Now we are to leave the *Phæacians*, and I cannot, for my Heart, think they were so worthless a People, as the Commentators would make them. Are they not kind, hospitable, and beneficent ? Do they not understand the Arts of Sailing, Building, Gardening, Commerce, and so forth ? All that can be said against them, is, that they lived luxuriously ;
and

and is there any Wonder that such a happy People should live so ?

The Commentators excuse *Homer* for the strange improbable Stories he makes *Ulysses* tell, because he tells them to an idle, credulous, vain-glorious People. But, in my Opinion, this is no Defence, at all ; for as they do not contradict his Narrations, so it is immaterial, as to the Truth of the Stories, who he told them to.

Virgil, in my Opinion, has not only happily imitated the Story of *Elpenor*, in the twelfth Book of the *Odysssey*, but has also improved upon it. Herein the Latin seems to have an Advantage over the Greek Poet. *Homer's Elpenor* was a
worth-

worthless Fellow, yet the Author treats him as a Man of great Importance. *Ulysses* first meets him in Hell, where there is a long Conversation between them, and, undeserving as he was, great Care is taken about his Monument; whereas *Virgil's Palinurus*, besides being his chief Pilot, was a Man of Integrity and Virtue.

Verse 210. What Reason can be assigned why *Ulysses* did not stop his Ears with Wax as well as the rest? The Song of the Syrens here is admirable, and Mr. *Pope* has rendered it in Lines exquisitely smooth and melodious.

*Ver. 268. ——— forgetful of the Voice divine,
All dreadful bright, my Limbs in Armour shine.*

Was

Was not this Madness in *Ulysses*? Yet it were Pity, had it not been; since it contains a noble Moral, in shewing us the Folly and Absurdity of disobeying the Commands of Heaven.

The People whom *Homer* devotes to Destruction, Verse 420, you are to observe, he first prepares for it, by a profane and illicit Way of performing Sacrifice. They are going to perpetrate an impious Deed, and they address themselves to it in a profane Manner. Compare this with the Sacrifices of *Korah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*, and with the Offerings of *Nabal* and *Abihu*, who put unhallowed Fire into their Censers. See the Book of *Numbers*, Chap. xvi. &c. The Vengeance which overtook the Com-
panions

panions of *Ulysses* for destroying, or taking to their own Use, what was consecrated to *Apollo*, seems to be a general Warning to Mankind, not to convert to profane Uses what has been once set apart for religious Purposes.

Book xiii. Verse 35. Here is a fine Representation of *Ulysses*, and it is much heightened by the Simile. Had you ever been in the Country at the Time of great Labour, you would be much more sensible of the Strength of it; but the Justness speaks for itself.

Verse 270. I cannot but think that the Doubts of *Ulysses*, after he knew the Person who spoke to him was *Pallas*, are unjustifiable and unreasonable.

*Ver. 445. Tho' leagu'd against me hundred He-
roes stand,*

Hundreds shall fall, if Pallas aid my Hand.

How very like is this Sentiment to what is frequently said in the Holy Scriptures! For Instance, "I will not be afraid for
" ten Thousands of People, that have
" set themselves against me round about."

Psal. iii. Ver. 6.

At Verse 486, we have one of *Homer's* short moral Reflections,

Set thy Soul at Rest,

And know, whatever Heav'n ordains, is best.

We now come to the fourteenth Book, one of the most beautiful in the whole Work. This was my Favourite when I was a Boy, and has remained so ever

since. Nothing can be more simple, natural, and affecting, than this Interview between *Ulysses* and *Eumæus*. The whole indeed is such a sweet Scene of the Country, and contains such a Series of Piety and Goodness, as fills the Mind with inexpressible Delight. What an exquisite Picture does the Poet give of *Eumæus* at the Opening!

Verse 146. How true, even to this Day, is the Observation which *Eumæus* makes in this Place!

*Ver. 480. These, while on sev'ral Tables they
dispose,*

As Priest himself, the blameless Rustic rose.

It appears that *Homer*, notwithstanding he has a great Respect for the Priesthood,

hood, thought every Head, or Chief of a Family, was a sort of Priest in his own House, at least in case of Necessity, and this many People contend for, at this Day. Even some very learned and pious Men maintain, that, if a Society of Men were cast on some Place, where they could not have the Ordinances duly administered by a legally-admitted Clergyman, it were then lawful for a Layman to perform the sacred Functions. Something of this Nature is the Permission which the Church of *Rome* gives to Midwives to baptize, in Cases of Necessity.

*Verse 494. From God's own Hand descend our
Joys and Woes.*

Here is a Piece of Theology exactly

correspondent to what many Christian Divines maintain.

Verse 510. Here follows a strange Contrivance to get some Cloaths against the Rigour of the Season, which I cannot think altogether necessary, considering how humane an Host *Eumæus* is described.

Mr. *Pope* seems to differ much in Opinion from *Longinus* about *Homer*, when he wrote the *Odyssey*. I cannot but join with *Longinus*, in thinking *Homer* was on the Decline. Though it is a charming as well as instructive Composition, yet it seems to me to carry some Marks of old Age. If you have never seen *Longinus*, I will bring one to Town. You may

may read it in a short Time. It is a small Treatise, but admirably judicious. Recall what *Pope* says of him in his Essay on Criticism,

*Thee, great Longinus, all the Nine inspire,
And fill their Critic with a Poet's Fire ;
An ardent Judge, who, zealous in his Trust,
With Warmth gives Sentence, and is always
just ;
Whose own Example strengthens all his Laws,
And is himself the great Sublime he draws.*

The Post is just come in, but not a Syllable from you, which makes it less welcome to me. The Duke of Hamilton is to come here on Tuesday, which will take me off from writing you any more on *Homer*, for some Time ; yet

30 GENUINE LETTERS.

let not that hinder your writing, and
give me every thing that occurs.

Adieu, my dear Life,

I am yours,

J. P.

LETTER LXXI.

Oxon. April 15, 1743.

Ma très chere petite Ange,

I Have now finished five Books more
of the *Odyssèy*, and my Remarks shall
be as short as I can possibly make them.

Book xv. Verse 61. Here we meet
another Instance of the great Hospitality
of the Antients.

Verse

Verse 75, and some of the ensuing Lines, contain admirable Rules for good Behaviour then, for what it is now, and ever will continue. The last Line I allude to, namely,

Welcome the coming, speed the parting Guest,

is liberally just; but then the Manner of putting it in Practice should be as delicate as the Precept itself.

Verse 426. What *Homer* here observes of dedicating a Part of a Winter-Night to Conversation, and particularly to the Recollection of past Afflictions, is very natural and just.

Verse 450. *To bend a Bow with tender Skill*, appears to me a very odd Expression.

Book xvi. Verse 9. What follows here is very natural and beautiful, especially the Dogs playing so familiarly at the Return of the Prince, whom they knew so well. Observe, their Behaviour was far different when *Ulysses* came.

Verse 144. When *Telemachus* has enjoined *Eumæus* to announce his Return to his Mother, how beautifully affecting is the Swain's Reply!

*I hear, and I obey,
But old Laertes weeps his Life away,
And deems thee lost; shall I my speed employ
To bless his Age, a Messenger of Joy?*

His compassionate Concern for the Grandfather's dejected Situation, joined to the Readiness wherewith he undertakes to carry glad Tidings to *Penelope*, is the
Result

Result of the most humane and benevolent Mind.

*Verse 176. The Dogs intelligent confess'd the Tread
Of Pow'r divine, and howling, trembling fled.*

This Notion prevails among Country People, at least in Scotland, to this Day. They fancy the Dogs are sensible when a good or an evil Spirit comes into a House.

Verse 204. Ulysses discovering himself to his Son affords us a very fine and pleasing Scene ; yet I think it much inferior to that of *Joseph* making himself known to his Brethren, I confess.

*Verse 345. Argus, the Dog, his antient Master
knew.*

What a Pack of unfeeling Wretches must they be, who cavilled at this Incident of the faithful Dog ! All that *Pope* says on it does Honour to his own Humanity and Discernment.

Book xix. Ver. 536. Then chaunting mystic Lays.

The Power of curing Wounds by Charms or Incantations, is still believed by many common People.

On Sunday I hope to send you some more Observations, and finish with the *Odyssey* by the Time I come to Town, which perhaps will not be before *Wednesday*. You see my Remarks now come within a very small Compass. It would be as endless, as unnecessary, to animadvert on every Beauty. I shall, at all Events, write again on Sunday, and
let

let you know, to an Hour, when I come to Town. I would certainly have come on *Monday*, but the Duke of *Hamilton* does not go from this till *Saturday*; after that I must go see Lady *Susan Keck*, the *Duke's* Aunt, who lives twelve Miles from this; from her I return to *Oxford*, and thence set off for *London*.

Do not neglect to write me. The *Duke* took his Degree of Doctor of Laws yesterday; there was a vast Crowd, and the whole University met.—How does your Mama?

I am,

comme auparavant, ma très chere,
veritablement le votre,

J. P.

P. S. You did not write me if you wish to see *Longinus*. Your Mama's Letter is just come to Hand.

LETTER LXXII.

Oxon. April 19, 1743.

My Dear,

ON Sunday I received a Letter from you, of no Date, which I impute to the Hurry you were in when you wrote it. If the Duke of *Hamilton* had not been here, I had seen you before now. He went away on Saturday; I accompanied him to *Henley*, about 18 Miles from this City, stayed there all Night, and returned hither on Sunday. My Visit to *Tew*, the Place where his Grace's Aunt resides, was to have been made
this

this Day, but is deferred till my Return from *London*; so I shall see you sooner than I thought, and perhaps may be able to tell you the exact Time, before I seal this Letter.

The Duke of *Hamilton* has no Occasion for the Degree of Doctor of Laws, but it is an Honour the University pays him. It is customary to confer different Degrees of Honour, to those who study therein. That of *Batchelor of Arts*, may be taken after having resided so long a Time, and undergoing such Examinations as are appointed. In the same Manner, Students may be advanced to the Degree of *Master of Arts*. Afterwards they can be promoted to a *Batchelorship* in one of the three great Professions,

sions, Divinity, Law, or Physic; and after that they may be made *Doctors* in those Professions, according to the different Studies they have pursued. But sometimes these Degrees are conferred, without waiting the ordinary Time, or passing the Examinations, *Honoris Gratiâ*, that is to say, to do Honour to the Person who receives them. This was the Case with the Duke of *Hamilton*, he having been greatly beloved, esteemed, and respected, for his Behaviour, while at this University. I hope I have now satisfied your Curiosity; but I had almost forgot to tell you that sometimes a Doctorship in a fourth Profession is given, namely, in Music; but this is not held, in any wise, equal to the others.

I have

I have now taken my Place in the Stage-Coach for Friday next, so if it please God, I hope to see you about eight o'Clock at Night, on Saturday, at farthest.

I am,

with my hearty Services,

ma chere Petite,

le votre,

J. P.

LETTER LXXIII.

Oxon. May 13, 1743.

My dearest Angel,

I Arrived safe here yesternight, between seven and eight, nothing having happened worth mentioning, except that I
was

was mortified with a great deal of impertinent Chat in the Coach. We were forced to drive two Miles out of the Way to set down two Boys at their Mother's Door. One Passenger grumbled much at it. I asked him, whether he would not, in the Parent's Situation, wish for such a Courtesy, at the trifling Inconvenience of a short Delay to the Passengers, and in fine Weather? He received the Reproof in Silence, though he did not seem by his Looks to thank me for it. There are more such unobscurable Persons to be met, who prefer the Indulgence of their own peculiar Humour, to any essential Gratification or Service they can bestow on others. Poor People! they are composed of very indifferent Principles, or have been very ill taught.

I have

I have found all my Friends here well. No Revolutions or News in our little Society since I left it.

I shall now finish the *Odyſſey*; but as I have ſeveral Things to do and ſettle, and Letters to write, you may perhaps not hear from me again for two or three Days. As ſoon as I have finiſhed the *Odyſſey*, we ſhall think of ſomething elſe to furniſh out our epistolary Converſation. You know no Poſt goes from this Place on Saturday, nor arrives here on Monday, ſo you cannot expect a Letter from me again till Tueſday at ſooneſt, and it may be later; yet let not that prevent your writing.

At

At the Beginning of my Letter, I mentioned impertinent Chat. I will give you one Instance. There was one Fellow in the Coach, who told us, three Times, a long, dull, and consequently tedious Story, of his having been at the taking of a Highwayman ; but that, like a prudent Soldier, he reserved his Fire till he had Occasion for it. When he had told it us once, he took care to repeat it as often as any new Passenger came into the Coach, which produced, on the whole, a third Narration. He described the Highwayman's Person and Dress, his Horse, his own Horse, the whole Chace, his personal Intrepidity, the taking, Trial, and Condemnation of the unhappy Rogue, with a Thousand more contingent Circumstances equally impor-

important and entertaining. How natural is it to repeat, as well as to aggrandize Matters, which we think may redound to our own Credit! The Story still buzzes in my Ears, and haunts me like a Ghost; but if I dwell upon it any longer, I shall become as troublesome as the Relater, so I break off.

I am, my dearest,

yours,

J. P.

LETTER LXXIV.

Sunday, 3 o'Clock,

May 15, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

JUST now I received yours, which was very acceptable. My first was under Cover; you'll see it is not franked; the

44 GENUINE LETTERS.

the second was sent *tout droit*, which is the Reason why they were both delivered at once. The Story of the poor young Lady makes me melancholy.

I informed you, some Time since, that the *Proverbs*, *Ecclesiasticus*, *Ecclesiastes*, and *the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach*, would furnish us with Materials for writing. You cannot read more profitable Books, believe me ; and if you bestow a due Share of Attention and Reflection on them, you will find them exceedingly pleasant, as well as profitable.

Let me know if you have been with Lady W— yet. Be not too bashful ; yet withal, never lose that graceful Modesty, which is the greatest Ornament of your Sex. Never give yourself Airs ; never
pres

press to *shew away*, as they call it. Hate and detest Affectation, foolish Pride, and Vanity. Be affable and courteous to all, be inwardly familiar with few. Neither harm nor speak ill of any one, and be not concerned for Fame and Admiration.

Observe these Rules, which, though few, if well observed, will shew you to the World in that Light, wherein it is your Desire and Interest to appear, without your giving yourself any Trouble about it.

I am, avec mes Complements,

my dear Angel,

your faithful Friend,

J. P.

L E T.

LETTER LXXV.

Oxon. May 20, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

ONCE more for the *Odyſſey*. I have got through three Books more, on which I have made but few Obſervations.

Book xx. Verſe 55. The Complaint of *Minerva*, in this Place, is analogous to that which we find ſo often made by our Saviour in the Goſpel, *O ye of little Faith, &c.*

Verſe 120. *Ulyſſes* deſiring a Sign to confirm his Faith, in this and the two
fol-

following Books, is exactly conformable to many Places in Scripture. The Story of *Abaz*, as well as of others, will sufficiently prove it.

Book xxi. Verse 10. Is it not too much affected to call *Ivory, Elephant*? It is done, however, in other Places as well as in this.

Verse 274. The Suitors impute their Impotence in bending the Bow of *Ulysses*, to their Profanation of a holy Day. Whether it was a fictitious or a real Excuse, it shews at least that Irreligion was held a very atrocious Crime in *Homer's* Time.

Verse 427. *Ulysses* turning and examining the Bow, to prove if it was decayed
or

or worm-eaten, amid the Taunts of the Suitors, and his bending it, compared to a Musician winding up the Strings of his Instrument, is most admirably fine. The Notes here are well worth reading.

Verse 448. This is an exquisite Comparison. The Twang of the String, short and sharp, like the shrill Note of a Swallow, was equally a Mark of Vigour and Address.

Book xxii. Verse 367. All that follows here, relative to *Phemius* and *Medon*, their Supplication, the Interposition of *Telemachus*, and the Motives which induced *Ulysses* to spare them, excite both our Pity and Admiration. The Idea which *Phemius* gives of Poets and Poetry, is
one

one of the finest that can be conceived,
and worthy to be imprinted on every
Memory.

*For dear to Gods and Men is sacred Song.
Self-taught, I sing; by Heav'n, and Heav'n alone,
The genuine Seeds of Poesy are sown;
And (what the Gods bestow) the lofty Lay
To Gods alone, and God-like Worth we pay.
— — — nor sordid Pay,
Nor servile Flatt'ry stain'd the moral Lay.*

Verse 425. Here is a most just and
beautiful Comparison. The Situation of
the Fishes, so poetically rendered by Mr.
Pope, must touch every compassionate
Mind;

*All naked of their Element, and bare,
The Fishes pant, and gasp in thinner Air.*

I must return to Verse 137, of this Book. Read the Note upon it, and tell me if you don't think the Caution of placing the Bow out of the Reach of the Suitors was needless, when none of them could bend it.

My next shall finish the *Odysssey*.

Adieu.

J. P.

LETTER LXXVI.

Oxon. May 22, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

I Shall in this close what I have to say on the *Odysssey*.

Book xxiii. Verse 13. Here are four Lines which are very consonant to what
we

we frequently meet in the holy Writings, particularly in the 19th Chapter of *Isaiah* ;
 “ Surely the Princes of *Zoan* are Fools,
 &c.”

Verse 81, and some following Lines, contain Sentiments very analogous to many in the Book of *Job*. It is worth your while to compare them with the following Chapters, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, which indeed are worth the most attentive Perusal and Remarks.

Verse 320. This Conversation between *Ulysses* and *Penelope*, how naturally beautiful! In all Degrees of Life we may hourly trace the same Consequences of a long Absence, whether between Man and Wife, or Friend and Friend. The

Episode of *Mercury* conducting the Souls of the Suitors to Hell, at the Opening of the 24th Book, is undoubtedly fine; though after all that can be said in Defence of it, to me it appears brought in (to use a common Phrase) by Head and Shoulders. It seems as if the Poet had the Character of *Achilles* so much at Heart, that he thought it not sufficiently compleated, without this finishing Stroke.

Verse 224. *Homer*, you observe, takes every Opportunity to pay Honour to Poets and Poetry. These two Lines,
The Gods, to honour her fair Fame, shall raise
(Their great Reward) a Poet in her Praise,
 and the six preceding, are so strong, and at the same Time so charming an Incentive

tive to Virtue, that I cannot but think a Woman, who has a laudable Ambition and Love of Virtue, must be greatly confirmed by them, in a virtuous and honourable Course of Life.

Verse 249. I cannot endure *Pope's* bald Expression of *the old Man*, for so he makes *Ulysses* stile his Father. In *Homer* it is *the Father*, which has undeniably much more Decorum, Respect, and Affection.

I have nothing further to add to what has been said in the Notes on the Close of this great Work. I shall endeavour to get you *Kennet's* Translation of *Horace's* Judgment on the *Iiad* and *Odyssey*. All other Translations of that Passage are bad. His only is tolerable.

I scarce need remark to you that *Virgil* copied much from *Homer*, particularly in the sixth and last Book; but methinks it would be entertaining to compare the Passages of two such great Poets, and two such fine Translators as *Pope* and *Dryden*.

I have received only one Letter from you since I left London, yet this is the fifth I have written to you.

I am,

my dear Nancy,

yours,

J. P.

L E T-

LETTER LXXVII.

Oxon. May 30, 1743.

Dear Nancy,

THE whole Hall is gone on a Merry-making, this Day, into the Country, except the Principal (Dr. King) and myself. I have therefore laid hold of this Occasion to send you *The Furniture of a Lady's Mind*, and Extracts from another Poem, by Dr. Swift. I think them both instructive and pleasing. In my last, you know, I enclosed some select Passages from his *Grizette*. I transcribed as much of it as I thought worthy your Notice. This Author, excellent as he is, often mixes a Something very gross, even in

his wittiest Poems *. When you have read those Passages, tell me if you do not think it a most judicious Distinction between affected and real Wit, Wit mingled with ill Manners, instead of that Decorum and Modesty, which best becomes your Sex.

Swift did not think so ill of Women as he wrote. His Motives were to wean them from such Faults, as he thought them most subject to. There is a good deal of Affinity between the *Grizette*, and *the Furniture*, &c. I will send you two or three little Poems more by the same Author, and shall be glad to have

* This, in all Probability, was the Reason why *Mr. Preston* chose to transcribe select Passages from *Swift's Works*, rather than lay the Author at large before his Pupil.

your

your Opinion of them ; I mean, when you are at Leisure, for I do not desire to oppress you.

Pray put the enclosed into the Penny-Post.

I am,

my dear Nancy,

yours,

J. P.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Oxon. June 2, 1743.

Dear Nancy,

JUST now I have the Pleasure of
of yours. You thank me for what
does not deserve Thanks. The Picture
was drawn to my Hand, and I thought

D 5

it

it a Picture worth your looking at ; though I assure you, I had not the least Idea that it resembled you. Had I thought so, I should not have been at so much Pains as to transcribe it, merely to mortify you. Yet your Application may turn to some Account : it may serve as a Hint or Notice to shew you what you are to shun, or as a Beacon set up to warn you of the Rocks and Shelves, whereon many of your Sex have been shipwrecked.

I now send you two Songs, leaving you to find out where their Value lies ; and when you have wrote me your Thoughts of them, I will then let you know wherein I think their Merit consists. I do not know if ever you read the *Progress*

gress of Love ; if not, I will send it to you. You have herewith the *New Ballad of New Similes*.

It is really true, that Sir *Alexander Murray* is dead. He died at *Edinburgh*, on the 18th of *May*.

My Compliments to your Aunt and Mama.

I am, my dear Nancy,
yours very truly,

J. P.

LETTER LXXIX.

Oxon. June 5, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

JUST now I received yours. Your Observations are very just. The whole Song consists of a Heap of fine

D 6

smooth

smooth Words, put together either without any Meaning at all, or ending in downright Nonsense, after the Manner of many of our modern Love-Songs. I would have you observe too that there are no less than two Similes in so short a Poem, which is very ordinary in our Love-Songs, though very unnatural; and, besides that they have no Relation to the Subject, they are very absurd in themselves.

The other Ballad is a very severe Satire on the Gentlemen of the Army. The Beauty of it consists in its appearing so very serious, and being so exceedingly ridiculous. I beg you will particularly observe the two last Stanzas, save one. Here the personated Officer
accuses

accuses himself both with Cowardice and Ignorance of Letters. Mark how ridiculous a Fall he makes in Stanza the third.

*Alas ! I never thought a Priest would please your
Palate ;*

This seems to be grave and serious ; observe what follows ;

*Besides, I'll hold a Groat, he'll put you in a
Ballad.*

How serious does he appear, when he says,

It fills my Heart with Woe, &c.

and afterwards calls a Churchman being by the Ladies preferred to an Officer,
“ the Growth of Corruption, &c.” It
is,

is, all through, a most admirable Satire, and the Humour is exceedingly well hit off. Then it is calculated for the Tune of *Patie's Mill*. If you heard it sung to that Tune, you would find it set off mightily; it being a sweet complaining Scotch Tune, the Captain's Complaint, if we may so call it, would thereby become still more ridiculous.

Charles Murray does not succeed to the Title, but a Son of *David Murray*, who was an elder Brother than *Charles*.

A Campaign is the Warfare of one Season; and to open the Campaign, implies no more than to begin the military Operations of such or such a Year.

When

When I send you a Production written with Spirit, Wit, and Judgment, either for or against your Sex, you are to understand the Contents as so many Hints to you, what you are to shun, and what you are to pursue. I have herewith enclosed three very severe Pieces, but do not fancy I am drawing your Picture. I am only offering that to your View, from which you may discern Beauty from Ugliness. The next three I shall send will be much more pleasing; but do not be so vain as to imagine them intended to represent you neither; though I trust you come much nearer these, than what I send you now. I shall give you my Sentiments of these three Portraits in my next.

I am, my dear Ange,

le votre, J. P.
P. S.

P. S. I don't desire you to write oftner than you like, but consider well what you write.

Adieu !

LETTER LXXX.

Oxon. June 7, 1743.

Dear Nancy,

I Suppose you have, before this comes to your Hand, formed a Judgment of the three Ladies I sent to wait upon you ; I mean *Sylvia*, *Artimesia*, and *Phryne*. You may learn something from the Conversation of the two first ; but as for Madam *Phryne*, I cannot say you can improve by her ; and indeed, but that she has a little Wit in her Conversation, I
had

had not sent her to you at all. *Sylvia* is a poor Lady, who struggles between Virtue and Vice, and is really not so bad as she would appear. She has taken up a false Notion of the Means of recommending herself to the Esteem of Mankind. She thinks ill-natured Wit, Censure, and Raking, are the Ingredients for the Composition of a fine Lady, yet her Heart recoils every now and then. How many poor Women have lost themselves through this foolish Notion! There is nothing more dangerous for any Person, especially a Woman, than to set up some wrong Quality as the distinguishing Mark of her Character. A Coward perhaps sets up for a Bully, a chearful Woman for a Prude, or a modest, good-natured Girl takes it into her Head to be

be a Termagant. Now besides being unnatural from quitting their proper Characters, they are all alike full of Affectation, than which nothing is more detestable, except downright Incontinence. *Artimesia* is a Prude, but a masculine Prude ; she affects Learning, but neglects Decency, Cleanliness, and Modesty. If I were with you, I think I could name three Persons, with whom the Characters agree very well, though I could not tell you the exact Persons the Poet meant.

I have herewith sent you a fourth Character, which is not so bad as the former ; for I think it very natural, as well as excusable, for People, especially Women, to talk of their Children, Family Affairs,

Affairs, and so forth; and still more so in Country Places, where they meet their Neighbours only now and then. Hence I think the Doctor rather too severe, unless he barely meant that Women should not carry this sort of Discourse to Excess.

I have now sent you five or six bad Characters of your Sex, to which you may add whatever you may have read beside. *Congreve* furnishes many; namely, Mrs. *Fondlewife* (1), Mrs. *Frail* (2), Mrs. *Forefight* (3), Lady *Froth* (4), Lady *Pliant* (5), Lady *Touchwood* (6), Lady *Wishfort* (7), Mrs. *Marwood* (8), &c.

(1) *Lætitia* in the *Old Batchelor*. (2) (3) *Love for Love*.

(4) (5) (6) *Double Dealer*.

(7) (8) *Way of the World*.

&c.

&c. and even his virtuous Characters are worth observing for their Failings; for Example, the Affectation of *Belinda* (1) and *Millamant* (2), and the Wildness of *Angelica* (3).

Some Critics have asserted that *Congreve* has drawn none but vicious Characters, but I think they are mistaken. *Cynthia* (4) is an Exception. He has many other beautiful Characters, not faultless indeed. That Writer was too great a Master of Nature, to draw

Faultless Monsters that the World ne'er saw,
as the Duke of *Buckingham* calls them. We must not forget *Ben Johnson's* Lady

(1) *Old Batchelor.*

(2) *Way of the World.*

(3) *Love for Love.*

(4) *Double Dealer.*

Wou'd

Wou'd-be (1), and *Otway's Lady Dunc* (2).

These bad Characters (which weak undiscerning People have condemned as improper for Representation, and thence have endeavoured to decry the Utility of the Drama in general) have all their good Tendencies. There is something to be culled out of every one worth observing and shunning; and those who say that faulty Characters should not be produced on the Stage, might with an equal Degree of Propriety assert, that there should be no Shade in a Picture.

In my next I will send you some pleasing Characters from the same Author; but in the mean Time (by the way of Music between the Acts) I give you some

(1) *Volpone*.

(2) *Soldier for the Ladies*.

Ex.

Extracts from Dr. *Swift's* Poem on his own Death. You will find in it a great deal of Wit, Humour, good Sense, and true Judgment of Mankind, and the Faults of both Sexes most humourously exposed and ridiculed.

Perhaps you may have read this Poem already, notwithstanding, attend to it once more. Much Good may be derived from it. Vice and Folly appear in so many Shapes, that it is worth our while to study as many and as various Characters of faulty Men and Women, as we can find, in order to warn us against them, in whatsoever Shape they may appear, or attack us. I shall refer a Translation of a Passage of this Tendency from the noble Historian, *Livy*, to
my

my next Letter ; but observe, when I said that we should study as many of these Characters as we can, I meant to imply, if they are *well-drawn* ; for, if they are not, we may mislead and deceive ourselves.

If Affairs will permit, I could wish you to come and stay a while here this Summer ; but then you ought to bring a Recommendation with you to some Family here, (for indeed I am not acquainted with any) otherwise, I fear your Time may go off very heavily.

I am, my dear Life,

your

J. P.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXXXI.

Oxon. June 10, 1743.

Dear Nancy,

I JUST now received yours of yesterday. I am perfectly of your Opinion about the Verses on the *Dean's Death*; and especially of those four Lines, which are so lively a Representation of what usually happens on such Occasions.

I have one Word more to say about *Artimesia*. It is not a vicious Character, only it includes a Want of Decency, and a total Neglect of all the Duties of Life, for the Affectation of Learning. If I remember right, *Pope* imputes much the same Charge to Mrs. *Haywood* and

Cent-

Centlivre. I have said thus much, for the Sake of quoting you four Lines from the admirable *Boileau*, which I think much *a-propos*.

*Que les vers ne soyent pas votre eternal-Emploi,
Cultivez vos Amis, soyez Fille de Foy ;
C'est peu d'être agreable et charmante dans un
Livre,*

Il faut sçavoir encore, et converser, et vivre.

I have not much more Time for writing at present, but on Sunday I will send you many Things to make Amends for what I now defer. I shall not send you the pleasing Characters I mentioned till then ; but to recompense your Patience, I enclose the *Progress of Love*, with which I believe you will be much pleased. I likewise convey you some Lines

74 GENUINE LETTERS.

of Mr. *Pope* on the Birth-Day of Mrs. *Blunt*, a Lady whom he admires. There you will see another faulty Character drawn in the Lines I have marked ; *Phyllis* is another of the same Species ; yet these, and those I sent you formerly, are all different from each other.

I have not Time to say more, so

Αἰῶς, μα χαρμαντε.

I am, yours,

J. P.

P. S. I shall continue to send you occasionally some more of the Dean's comic Pieces.

LET-

LETTER LXXXII.

Oxon. June 12, 1743.

Dear Nancy,

I Here enclose you two Poems; in one of them the estimable and unbecoming Qualifications of your Sex are set in Opposition to each other, by Way of Contrast. How lasting are those of the first Sort, how fleeting those of the latter! Beauty and all external Advantages are ingeniously compared to Fruit ingrafted on the Stock of an annual Plant, which indeed makes a luxuriant Shoot, but is soon gone. I presume you know that an annual Plant continues only one Year, such as Fruits, Vegetables, and

Corn of all Kinds. Those which last many Years, as large Trees, we call Perennials.

In the other Poem the *Dean* pursues *Epictetus's* Notion of Things in our own Power, such as Virtue and Truth. He makes small Account of Beauty, Shape, Complexion, and such Qualities as we cannot procure to ourselves ; but Honour, Chastity, Decency, Integrity, and all within our own Power to attain, he places in a most estimable Light.

Ovid, in his *Art of Love*, which I believe you have by you, or at least have read, finely pursues the same Train of Ideas, both in his two first Books, which he wrote to instruct the Men, and in his
third,

third, which he calculated to regulate the Conduct of Women.

There is something exceeding singular in the Humour of both Poems. In *Stella's Birth-Day* he continues the Strain he began with, in talking of her. He then puts these in Opposition, and, as it were, Foils to her, as if they were really Signs. Witness those four most humorous Lines,

*Then who can think we'll quit the Place,
When Doll hangs out a newer Face,
Or stop and 'light at Chloe's Head,
With Scraps and Leavings to be fed?*

I have many more entertaining Pieces for you of the *Dean's*, such as *Mary the Cookmaid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan*, and two

78 GENUINE LETTERS.

lads ; the one stiled *Quadrille*, the other *Molly Mog*, which I will send you at some future Time, if you tell me in your next Letter that you have not seen them. I do not think it a Trouble to transcribe a Piece of any Length, provided I am assured you reap either Instruction or Delight from it ; but both these united ought to be the Result of Reading. If *you* do not acquire this Advantage, the Fault, I should conceive, must be in my wrong Choice of Materials. You are docile and quick ; and with a Person of your Talents, Hints and transient Observations, delivered in this light easy Mode of a Letter, will go further than all the set formal Rules for teaching, that ever were laid down.

Till

Till I send you the above, you shall have *Prometheus*, written against *Wood* and his Halfpence. It is very full of Wit. I give it you therefore now by way of Relief, and at some future Time you shall have his favourable Characters of Women.

I think it necessary to premise some Account of the above-mentioned Poem, which possibly you are a Stranger to.

A Man, whose Name was *Wood*, obtained a Patent from King George I. to make Halfpenny Pieces of base Metal, which were to be current in *Ireland*. This Project would have drained that poor Kingdom of all the good Money; but the *Dean*, under the Name of *M. B.*

Drapier, wrote such smart Letters and Poems, sometimes serious and sometimes ludicrous, as to raise a Resentment against *Wood*, that abolished his Scheme. The Nation would not receive any of his Coin, and the Coiner was in Danger of being torn in Pieces. From that Time, the *Dean* was looked on as the Deliverer of his Country.

You talk of going to *Richmond* for a few Days. You must stay a Week abroad at least, otherwise it is not worth your while to go. During your Excursion, you should go by Water to *Hampton Court*, see that Palace, the famous *Cartoons* of *Raphael*, and the Beauties of King *William's* Court. Then I would recommend to you to walk through the Park, to view the
Cascades,

Cascades, from thence to *Ham-House*, and so return to *Richmond*.

I give you this Advice, because I wish that every thing you undertake, even a Scheme of Diffipation, should answer some useful End. A Survey of fine Painting feeds the Mind, by enlarging the Fancy; the Walks and Cascades shew what human Art is capable of; and even a Meadow or common Field are Sources of Learning, Piety, and Admiration, in an attentive and well-directed Mind.

My humble Duty to your Mama and Aunt.

I am, my dear,

yours,

J. P.

E S

L E T

LETTER LXXXIII.

Oxon. June 17, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

I Have your Letter of the 14th, but where has it been? It was not put into the Post till yesternight, for the Post-Mark bears the 16th Day of the Month, the Letter itself is dated the 7th, and I have only received it this Day. Here is an Interval of nine Days. However, now that it is come at last, I am very well pleased with it. It is written very clean and genteel. It has the Appearance of coming from a *Gentlewoman*. People are not in general sufficiently aware how much they expose them-

themselves to Censure or Ridicule, by a wrong or careless Manner of acquitting themselves in trifling Affairs. A neat or a slovenly Disposition may be known as well in the Folding and Address of a Letter, as by personal Acquaintance.

Your Thoughts and Reflections are entirely just, and prettily expressed, entirely of a Piece with the Neatness of the writing, so that (if I may use the Expression) I love both the Soul and Body of your Letter.

I here send you *Prometheus*, and Part of a Song, wherein there is a pretty Contrast of three young Ladies. In my next Letter I propose sending you three Poems, all written in Favour of the Ladies, to

make Amends for the disagreeable Pictures I shewed you before. After these you shall have *Mary the Cook-Maid*, and *Quadrille*, with some Things out of *Horace*; which, although the Translation is not dressed in the best Poetry in the World, will, in Respect to the Sentiment, I dare say, give you much Delight.

I am,

my dear Nancy,

yours,

J. P.

P. S. There is one Passage in the Poem of *Prometheus*, which requires Explanation. It is this following Line,

Venus was brib'd to let it pass.

The

The Dutcheſs of *Munſter* was meant by *Venus*, who was bribed by *Wood* to get the Patent paſſed by the *King*.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Oxford, June 21, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

I Never heard of that Song of *Stella* and *Flavia*, which you ſay is now ſo much in Vogue. I wiſh you would get me a Copy of it. I have at laſt ſent the beautiful Characters I promiſed, and hope you will like them. I leave you to find out the Beauties in the *Extract*, and the *Lady at Court*; but I muſt have a Word or two about *Biddy Floyd*, which I dare ſay you have ſeen long before now.

The

The Humour, it is true, is whimsical, but exceeding just. You see it is given by way of Receipt, and carried on pretty much in the Stile of common Receipts for making Jellies or Conerves. In the first Place, he gives you the essential Qualities, and then points out the Faults which are apt to grow up with them, and from which those Qualities ought to be separated. For Example, he says, that

Candour, Innocence, and Good-nature,
should be picked clean from

Demureness, Awkwardness, and Coyness;
the Seasoning or Pickle to those fine Qualities consists of

Good Breeding, Wit, Air, and decent Pride,
cleansed from

Coquetry, Affectation, Pertness, and Vanity.

This

This you must allow to be very apt and judicious, perfectly in the Stile of common Receipts. For Instance now,

To preserve Apples, you must separate the Fruit from

The Peel, the Stalk, the Core, and Seeds,
you must then make use of

The finest Sugar free from all Dross ;
and during the Process, to clear off the Scum as it rises, and so forth.

This is all as instructive as entertaining ; and I do think, my dear Nancy, that every young Woman should always carry this *Receipt to make a Beauty* about with her. The Female that is *seasoned*, and *preserved* in this Manner, take my Word for it, will be a *Beauty* in the Eyes
of

88 GENUINE LETTERS.

of all sensible Men and Women, though *Jove*, in mixing up the Composition, has not, perhaps, employed his finest Clay.

In my next I will send you the *Quidnuncs*; it is, in my Opinion, a fine Tale, full of Humour, and carries with it a very useful Moral.

I am, my dear,

yours,

J. P.

LETTER LXXXV.

Oxon. June 23, 1743.

Dear Nancy,

HAVE you an Inclination for *Molly Mog*, or the *Letter to Mr. John Moore* about Worms? They are both diverting.

You

You have now read the *Journal of a modern fine Lady*. It sets forth the foolish unprofitable Manner in which many Ladies pass, or rather waste their Time, in so lively a Strain, that I think you should read it often, and that with great Attention. Not that I mean to imply any immediate Necessity you have for it; but though you do not stand in need of it by way of Remedy, it might serve to carry about as an Amulet or Charm; a kind of Preservative against the Evils it is calculated to cure.

Livy, the great *Roman Historian*, says, the Use of History is to teach us what we are to shun, and what we are to imitate. This ought to be the great End of Poetry as well as History. And *Horace*,
who

who was one of the most judicious Poets that ever lived in any Age or Country, tells us, this Instruction is to be attained from a Mixture of the *utile* with the *dulce*, that is, of the *useful* with the *pleasant*. Now in all the little Poems I have sent you, I think there is this Mixture; and they likewise answer the End prescribed by *Livy*, they “teach what we are to shun, and what to imitate.”

Horace's golden Rule of *utile dulci*, was never more properly applied than when it was made the Motto of a Theatre; since the Stage, under suitable Regulations, is most capable of answering the Intent. The greatest moral Writers can only prescribe Rules for a Rectitude of Conduct and Decorum of Behaviour; the

the Stage shews you the Beauty and Force of those Rules, when put into Practice. It moreover answers the great Purpose and Use which *Livy* ascribes to History. It shews “what to shun, and what to “imitate,” more immediately and accurately than any Historian whatsoever is capable of doing.

I enclose the *Quidnuncs*. I think there is not any thing necessary to subjoin, by way of Note, except to tell you that the Duke of Orleans was Regent of France in this King's Minority. He was a very great Man, and died when I was in France, in the Year 1722.

I should be glad to know exactly when you set out for *Richmond*, because I think

think I can provide you a very agreeable Companion in the literary Way. It is a Poem called *The Alley*. It describes all inconvenient and disagreeable Circumstances, which are met in the pleasant-situated Town and Villages on the Banks of the *Thames*. It would be an Entertainment to you any where, and at any Time ; but you will be much more sensible of the Beauties, when you are passing through those Places. I therefore shall not send it, till you tell me that you are about to set forward.

You shall have two or three little diverting Poems to-morrow.

Adieu, my dear apt Scholar !

I am ever yours,

J. P.

L E T.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Oxon. June 24, 1743.

My Dear,

I Send you herewith a small Collection of *Epigrammatical* Poems ; the Beauty of this Kind of writing consists in a certain Point, or Turn of Wit. They are rather for your Diversion, than any thing else. This perhaps you may reproach me for, as deviating from the great *utile dulci*, which I so strongly recommended in my last Letter. But, provided this Rule is generally practised, there is no Harm in a short casual Deviation ; as there is not any thing amiss in rising to a Game of Battledore and Shutter

tlecock, after a long sedentary Application to Reading or Writing ; nay it is rather right than wrong, in-as-much as it tends to render both Mind and Body, like *Æsop's* relaxed Bow, “ fitter for Use
“ when you want them.”

The Happiness of a Parson's Life, is surely exceeding humorous. It very naturally describes those simple and humble Pleasures, whereof a Country Clergyman's Life consists. Yet these perhaps afford a more lasting Satisfaction, (though not so exquisite an Enjoyment) than those which are more refined, and what the *French* call more *spirituelles* ; at least, they are very innocent Pleasures.

One of the next two Poems I shall send you, is called *the Elephant*, or *Parliament-Man*, and the other *Aye and No*. They both satirize, with great Wit and Humour, the Corruption of *Members*, which so shamefully prevails at present. The Parliament, I presume you know, is an Assemblage of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Commons of a Kingdom, for national Purposes. It derives its Name from the French Verb *parler*, to *speak*. We have our English Word *Parley*, from the same Root. Perhaps you could have told me this, and perhaps not, and your Ignorance nevertheless not to be taxed with Blame. It is amazing how much Knowledge is lost for Want of a little common Attention or Observation in our general Intercourse
with

with the World. Numberless are the Instances I have seen of sensible clever People being put to the Blush, and to a Difficulty, by a simple Question proposed from a Person of inferior Talents, and be infinitely astonished at themselves, that they should have been so long ignorant of so plain a Matter.

If I have a Letter from you by this Day's Post, which I look for, I will add a Postscript. Pray see that the enclosed be immediately put into the Penny-Post.

I am, with due Respects,

my dear Nancy,

your

J. P.

L E T.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Oxon. June 26, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

YOUR Letter just now came to my Hand. I find that, which I wrote you this Day Se'nnight, is miscarried. I enclosed *the Cook-Maid's Letter* in it, and, if I am not mistaken, sent it under Mr. K—'s Cover. Perhaps he consigned it to the Penny-Post, and it has been mislaid or neglected there. It is worth your while to enquire at the little Office near you; and if it be entirely gone, I will send you another Copy of the Poem. I mentioned therein that I would send you a Letter of Introduc-

tion to a Family at *Richmond*; and your not noticing this Particular, convinces me that same must be what we have lost.

Now to your Questions—

A *Rap* is a Blow, and likewise a base Coin used in *Ireland*.

The *Whigs* are for destroying the *Church*, or at least, for reducing it. The *Tories* are for exalting it. *Down with the Church*, and *Up with the Church*, were frequent Expressions with the respective Parties.

The *Mill-Dam* is the Place where they keep a Reservoir of Water, to set
the

the Mill going. Observe though this is only for Water-Mills, and the Sound, you know, pretty near that of a vulgar Oath.

Pinking is making small Holes. This was more in Use, at the Time of the old English Habit, when the Doublets for Men were laced, as Stays are for Women. Captain *Bluff*, in *Congreve*, you know, says, *I'll pink his Soul*, in Allusion to this Fashion.

The Ana-Baptists are not baptized till they come to Years of Discretion, and then they are plunged, not sprinkled. The first Part of the Word is adopted from the Greek, *ἀνα*, which signifies against, or contrary. Thus they are

against baptizing, till such an Advance of Life.

The *Mortuary-Guinea* is the Parson's Due at Burials, for reading the Service, Church-yard Fees, &c. It is derived from the Latin Word *Mors*, which means *Death*; thence too we have *mortal*.

You shall have all the Poems you write of. In the mean Time, I send *The Elephant*, and *Aye and No*; which I believe will please you much.

I hope to hear from you soon, to know if you are removed, and all Things settled, and how you like your new Apartments. I am, my dear Heart,

yours,

J. P.

L E T.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Oxon. July 3, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

I Write to you so often, and you write to me so seldom, that I am afraid you begin to be tired with the Correspondence, but hope my Fears are groundless. I assure you it is not every one I would take so much Pains for. I thought that the Want of Amusements in *London*, at this Season of the Year, would have rendered my frequent Writing a sort of Diversion to you, and, in some Measure, an Amends for the Loss of others. In order to make this Diversion as agreeable and instructive as I am

able, I have transcribed several Poems, such as I thought would best contribute to both these Purposes.

You have Talents so capable of Cultivation, that to be weary of receiving Instruction, would argue an Ingratitude to Nature, and I cannot think you liable to it. Perhaps I write too often, perhaps I burthen you with a Frequency of Subjects ; or perhaps a little Laffitude and Inattention comes over you now and then, which, at your Time of Life, are excusable, if not indulged too far. If that be the Case, confess. Such Omiffions call, at worst, for the mildest Re-proof ; but, I cannot help saying, they would become many young Folks better than you.

Con-

Convinced that you cannot be purposely negligent, I shall proceed in the old Way. I herewith send *Mary the Cook-Maid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan*, and *The Grove*, translated from *Pastor Fido*, by the Earl of Roscommon. This is one of the best Pictures of a happy Life that I have ever seen ; true Content and true Love, virtuous and innocent, are here delineated in their native beautiful Colours. I shall send you two or three more Poems which I think equal to the former, when I next write, and then rest awhile, or turn to some other Subject. I will not hurry you at all. I request that you will write only when you have Leisure, and be at Pains to do it in a right Manner. You have gained great Esteem by so doing, for some

F 4
Time

Time past ; do not now begin to forfeit it.

If there be any Passages or Expressions in what I send, which require an Eclaircissement, let me know so much, and I will explain them to you, as fully as I am able. All I do is meant to contribute to your Delight. Nothing can give me more Pleasure, than to hear that you are happy. Virtue and Piety are the certain Road to Happiness. Let me hear you are virtuous, and I am sure you are happy.

Let me know certainly when you go for *Richmond*. My humble Service to Your Mother and Aunt.

I am, my dear,
always yours,

J. P.
P. S. You

P. S. You may perceive, my dear, that the above was written before I received yours ; and the Reasons for your apparent Remissness are very satisfactory. I shall write again to-morrow, and answer that Letter, et vous envoyer l'Epi-tre recommandatoire.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Oxford, July 4, 1743

My Dear,

I Here enclose a Letter to Mr. O—y at *Richmond*, under the Hill. Any one will tell you the Way to his House. Go there the Morning after your Arrival. If you do not go by ten o'Clock, you

F 5

may

may happen to miss of him ; should that be the Case, leave the Letter, and your Name, and go again after Dinner about three.

Now to your Questions—

A *Congress* is a Meeting of Ambassadors to settle Variances between different States and Kingdoms. *Cambray* is a Town in *Flanders*, where such a Congress was held. The Word *quadruple* signifies *four-fold*, and four Sovereign Powers were there going to enter into an Alliance at that Congress, but, some strong Exceptions being started, they disagreed, and broke up their Party at *Quadrille*.

I think

I think *Stella* and *Flavia* very pretty, but it does not, to me, carry the Air of Dr. *Swift's* Writing. I have enclosed the *Alley*, which I promised should accompany you on your little Tour. Consider the *Cook-maid's Letter* well, and it will amuse you much. You will find some Things in it very like what are called Blunders ; some Words are used for others, as *whereof* and *whereby* ; some are introduced that have no Meaning at all, as *which*, and *it is four Years*, &c. Now the Word *which* has no Relation to any thing ; then *see, the Clock strikes ten*, and *not that I know to my Knowledge*. In a Word, it is exceeding good *low* Humour, and that was all the Author intended. In order to relish any Piece well, it is necessary to consider thoroughly what

the Author proposed, and how far he meant to go; if he compasses his own Design, though the Work may not entirely satisfy your Imagination, he has done his Part; and the Deficiency is not to be charged on his having done too little, but on your having expected too much.

Did you ever see *the Furniture of a Lady's Dressing-Room*? If you have not, I will send it to you; though it falls short of Dr. *Swift's* usual Humour, it is nevertheless worth your reading. In Fact, there cannot be any Production of a great Genius, which is not worth one Revival, provided it be within the Bounds of Decency.

Do

GENUINE LETTERS. 109

Do you propose to let me know how I shall direct to you during your Stay at *Richmond*, or must I give over writing till your Return to Town?

I am,

my dear Nancy,

yours very affectionately,

J. P.

P. S. I have sent you six Franks under another Cover. You will find Mr. and Mrs. O—y, very sensible knowing People.

LET

LETTER XC.

Oxon. July 17, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

Yesterday I received your agreeable Letter; but you put no Year of our Lord. I don't like this careless Way, because it is the Means of contracting an ill Habit. Besides, you begin a new Sentence with a small Letter, and place no Point between that and your last, which ought never to be done; for though the smaller Points, such as Commas, and Semicolons, may be omitted, full Points never should.

When

When you go to *Richmond*, you will be hurried about in seeing various Places. This was the Reason for my mentioning an Interval, and I meant no more by it; but as Franks begin to be scarce, I shall be pleased if you write me once a Week, and tell me every Occurrence worth Observation in your Journeys, and how you are received. Perhaps they may be worthy to be called *The Lady's Travels* (not to *Spain*, but) to *Richmond*. You have not yet said when you are to set out, nor how you are to get my Letters, or transmit yours to me. The Penny-Post does not reach *Richmond*, but there is an Office at *Marsh-Gate*, very near the Town. Your best Way to write to me is, in my Opinion, to keep your old Direction, and add, by
London.

London. I suppose you will take out your few Franks with you.

I send you with this *The Journal of a modern Lady*. In my next, you shall have the *new Simile of a Woman to a Cloud*, and in the next after that, *the Cloud's Answer*; though there are some Indelicacies I much disapprove. However, you are now very capable of discerning, adopting, and rejecting, as best beseems. I have taken up *The Furniture of a Lady's Dressing-Room*, I believe, ten Times, in order to transcribe it for you, and have flung it aside as often; I find, on Examination, it does not please me.

When you come from your Excursion, I will execute a Promise I made some
Time

Time since ; namely, to send you *Horace's* Judgment of the *Iliad* and *Odyssy*. How much I regret that so exquisite an Author, as *Horace* was, should not hitherto have been translated with that Spirit and Energy he deserves ! He had a most elegant Pen ; yet he too had, now and then, his Grossnesses ; but they, like *Shakespeare's* Puns, were rather the Fault of the Age he lived in, than Deficiency in his own Taste. I will however get you the best Translation I can of the above-named Piece, and some others.

This is the third Letter I have written you this Week.

I am,

my dear dear Nancy,

ever yours,

J. P.

P. S. On

P. S. On Recollection, you had best write me by the General-Post, and not trust to the other. I am greatly pleased with your last, it is so clean and so distinct, the Faults, I have already mentioned, alone excepted.

L E T T E R XCI.

Oxon. July 14, 1743.

My Dear,

I Have just now received your Letter, and am very sorry for your ill Fortune; but as this Day and yesterday have been pretty seasonable, and as the Weather seems to be settled, I hope it will now make you some little Amends. If
not,

not, you must endure with Patience, or return home ungratified.

You will possibly think me a very cold dull Philosopher, to preach up Patience and Forbearance to a Person at your Time of Life. I confess they are hard Lessons to learn at any Time, but especially so while the Heart is gay, the Passions warm, and Wishes impetuous. Permit me, however, to make one short Observation, which may, in some Measure, qualify those impatient irksome Sensations that arise from Disappointments.

The great Reason why Disappointments sit more uneasy on young Folks, than on Persons advanced in Life, is, that the former assure themselves of a
proposed

proposed Enjoyment, beyond the Power of Chance to prevent it. They no more advert to the Possibility of a cross Accident, than if there were no such Thing in Nature. Now methinks it is easy to remember that there is such a Thing as a Disappointment, as well as a Delight. If you, my dear Nancy, when you project a Scheme of Pleasure for yourself, or have one proposed to you, would but make it a Rule to say, *I ought not to set my Heart on this*, it would awaken you to all the Chances against you, and so qualify your Mind as to endure the Disappointment without repining, and even enhance the Enjoyment, if your Wishes are gratified *.

I won-

* I sincerely wish this Advice may have the same good Effect on some of my young Readers,
as

I wonder you neglected to take a Book with you. Never travel without one; if you do, you go without your best Companion, in Case of foul Weather or Disappointments.

If the Weather should continue favourable, which I hope it may, do not,

as it had on Miss *Blisset*. She adopted it the Moment it was given to her, as the Basis of her future Happiness. It is her never-failing Custom to meet all Disappointments, whether in a trivial or a material Concern, with the most perfect Composure of Mind. She may indeed, with great Propriety, be said to be before-hand with ill Chances; since, on a Scheme of Pleasure being proposed, she immediately adverts to the Prevention, instead of the Acquisition; neither does this give any Flatness to her Enjoyments, for I have heard her say it either increases her Relish or their Value; her Pleasures not being worn out in Anticipation, they come to her with all the Gloss of Surprise and Novelty. She attributes the whole Exertion of this philosophical Virtue, and the Advantages she has reaped from it, to the kind and excellent Instruction given by her Tutor in this Letter.

by

118 GENUINE LETTERS.

by any Means, omit the Sight of *Hampton Court*, *Ham Walks*, and *Kew Gardens*.

You neither tell me when you went out, nor whether you received the Letters I sent you, after the Date of your last, with the Extracts from *Cadenus* and *Vanessa*, and *The Journal of the modern Lady*; but I can excuse that, considering your Uneasiness. If this reaches you at *Richmond*, pray wait on Mr. and Mrs. O—y, with my hearty Service.

Much Enjoyment attend you, if you obtain your Wishes, Patience, if you do not!

I am, dear Nancy,

yours entirely,

J. P.

L E T-

LETTER XCII.

Oxon. July 17, 1743.

My Dear,

I Received yours of the 15th just now.

I am glad your Mama has condescended to stay another Week, for, notwithstanding my philosophic Admonition, it would grieve me that you should be disappointed of your proposed Pleasure. I hope you will let me know how you like the Places you see about *Richmond*. The Country all around is charming. Be sure not to omit the *Green*, nor indeed any Place. Every Object is Food to a contemplative Mind; and without Observation our Travels are nothing worth.

worth. You may smile perhaps at my Application of the Word *Travel*, to your little Excursion, and think it rather ludicrous ; but I do not mean it so. At your early Time of Life, and considering the little you have seen of the World, the Phrase is not so improper as, at first, it may appear.

You seem not to relish your Reception at Mr. O—y's ; you think it was cold, but it consisted only in *Manner*. A second or third Visit will convince you of this. They are very friendly, sincere People, but have no Ostentation. Such Persons generally improve upon our Acquaintance, whereas those who are full of Professions and external Ceremonies, like great Promisers, too often defraud our Expectations.

In

In your Progress to *Hampton Court*, I beg you will observe the Village of *Waddington*. It is a Place which I love much.

As soon as I send the Answer to the *Simile* here enclosed, I shall give you my Thoughts on the *Dean's* Way of treating these Subjects; but this must be after your Return to *London*. Give my humble Service to your *Mama*. I wish you both much Pleasure. Be sure to write me again before you go away, and let me have the whole History of your Travels and Adventures; and pray take Time in doing it; you seem to write in Haste, at least your two last Letters carry this Appearance. It is not how speedily, but

122 GENUINE LETTERS.

how properly you acquit yourself, that
will gain Approbation.

I am, my dear,

your most affectionate

J. P.

LETTER XCIII.

Oxon. July 20, 1743.

My Dear,

I AM glad my last arrived safe, and
that you have had the Satisfaction
of seeing some Things about *Richmond*
worth Observation. I should be pleased
if your Mama would let you stay a lit-
tle longer, as you seem to like it so well;
I think too it would be of Service to
both

both your Healths. You may give my Respects, and say I join in the Request that she would grant this Indulgence.

I don't know the Adventures you speak of; but why not buy the Book, if you cannot borrow or hire it? I would rather you should do so, than have your Curiosity left ungratified; and as I know the prudent Motive that has restrained you from making the Purchase, I beg you will let me be at the Charge of all such Books as you wish should compose your little Library. But you need not be quite so much at a Loss where you are. Mr. O—y has a good Collection of Authors, and if you will ask the Favour, I am sure he will lend you any you desire, or let you come and chuse for yourself. But

then you must take great Care of what you have, and regularly return one when you wish for another, otherwise you will find him reluctant. Some Persons would perhaps accuse him herein of being particular, but it is a Particularity which I have frequently seen; and why should a Compliance with it be deemed hard, since it is no more than is consistent with common good Manners? Lovers of reading very often take up a capricious Fondness for their own Books; and, in Case of an Author being lost, it is not always that a new, and perhaps neater, Edition will make Amends.

I have seen Lord *Cholmondeley's* fine Room, but it was not finished when I saw it.

The

The *Cloud* was written by Dr. *Sheridan*, I think, but the *Answer* by Dr. *Swift*. The latter is, in my Opinion, much the wittiest, so I have sent it enclosed.

I hope your Stay will be prolonged, for you will not easily forgive yourself, if you do not see *Hampton Court*, and the fine Cartoons of the immortal *Raphael*. The Stair-Case, and the Beauties of King *William's* Court, are well worth your Notice, as are the Lodge and Cascade in *Busby Park*. *Ham Walks* will also give you great Pleasure, but of another Kind. The former will rather raise your Wonder, (I mean the Court and Paintings) the latter inspire with a soft Delight. You will be more at home

here, as you are happily possessed of a greater Relish for the humble, than the exalted Scenes of Life. Hence you will feel much Indulgence, I believe, in passing through my favourite Village, *Teddington*.

I have now done with Dr. *Swift*, and shall, by way of Foil, send you the *Description of a Lady's Dressing-Room*, which is an Imitation (but far inferior) of the Doctor's Way of Writing; however you may, in some Measure, learn *what to avoid*, by reading it. There are many Things in that Part of *Ovid's Art of Love*, which Mr. *Congreve* has translated, worth noticing, in order to a Lady's making herself agreeable, besides the criminal Part. This latter ought to be

care-

carefully and judiciously distinguished (and you are very capable of doing it) from the truly-useful and allowable, nay commendable Precepts, which he lays down.

After sending you some few Reflections on *Swift's* Way of Writing, I will turn to *Horace* next. It is a great Pity that we have never yet had a good Translation of him; but so it is; and indeed he is so difficult to be rightly hit off, that I despair of ever seeing one.

I am, my dear Nancy,

your most faithful Friend,

J. P.

P. S. I am much pleased with your last Letter.

LETTER XCIV.

Oxon. July 24, 1743.

My Dear,

I HAD the Pleasure of yours of the 22d instant. No Letters go from this on Saturday, so I could not answer you sooner.

If the Weather prove fair this Week, I suppose you will go to *Hampton Court*, where I think you had better stay a Night, that you may see every thing at Leisure. All the Places I wrote you of are in your Way. Let me scheme for you.

I would

I would go by Water to *Hampton Court*, return the next Morning on Foot, (it is a pleasant Walk) through the Park, to *Teddington*, there take Water to *Ham House*, and from that walk to *Richmond*.

Now your **Mama** and you have got to so pleasant a Spot, methinks I would have you stay some Time. As I said before, it will improve your Health and Spirits. If you are come abroad with Finances too narrow for this, let me know, and I can give you a Draught on Mr. O—y. He is my Banker; all my Monies go through his Hands, so there is nothing improper or inconvenient in it.

G 5

I am

I am much delighted with your delicate Reasons for declining my Offer of furnishing you with Books ; but you are too nice. Any thing in my Power, my dear Nancy, that may contribute either to your Health or Pleasure, I think well bestowed, that is to say, while you are so deserving in every Respect. Perhaps I might do the same, were your Merit not quite equal to what it is, but not with the same good Will ; and I know your Disposition would scorn to be obliged, when you thought you did not deserve the Obligation.

As I told you in my last, Mr. O—y, I am sure, will let you have any Book you desire. If you could find the Life of *Guzman d'Alfarache*, I think it would
entertain

entertain you. I well remember, when I was young, it entertained me.

I expect to be called to *London* some Time next Month, but am not certain exactly when. You shall know before I set out. Now to what I proposed about Dr. *Swift*.

Although *Swift* was a very nice Judge of Mankind, (I mean herein to include both Sexes) and consequently found many Things to censure, and might possibly, on that Account, have too great a Contempt for the Generality of the World, yet we must not thence conclude, that he was either a Man-Hater or a Woman-Hater. He wanted only to correct Vices ; and though he launched

into personal Satire against many particular Men, (who, I believe, deserved it at his Hands) yet I do not remember that he has been guilty of the same against the fair Sex.

In the next Place it may be observed, that he has perhaps painted his Characters *larger than the Life*, as the Painters phrase it; but this is often necessary, to make the deeper Impression, as Figures larger than the Life must be adopted sometimes in Painting and Statuary, for the very same Purpose, especially when placed at a great Distance. But whoever reads his Works attentively, will find that his Characters, though sometimes too strong, are nevertheless perfectly natural.

His

His Satire or Censure of your Sex has various Sources. It is sometimes drawn from Faults incident to the Sex in general ; that is to say, Faults, or rather Weaknesses, which Women are more subject to than Men, and which may be said to arise from the Sex itself ; for Example, Fear, Whims, and idle Fancies. These, you see, he wishes to eradicate from their Minds.

At other Times his Satire arises from Faults, to which your Mode of Education exposes you ; namely, Affectation, Dissembling, Tittle-Tattle, amusing yourselves with Trifles of Dress, Colours, Shapes, &c. for which indeed you are not to be blamed yourselves, but the Persons are, who have had the Care of your Youth.

Some

Some Faultineffes which he arraigns, are those that attend certain Times and Places, as Fashions; and I take the *Modern Lady* to be of this Sort. Others are what this or that particular Woman runs into, which arise out of Affectation or Vanity, and wear, at the same Time, the Semblance of Virtue. Such is the Character of *Artimesia*.

Perhaps the Author had some particular Woman in his View when he drew this Character, *Phryne*, and *Sappho*, &c. so possibly had Mr. Congreve, when he drew *Doris* and *Amoret*, but then they take Care not to expose any one. Of all these, I think *Amoret* the nicest; because her Faults are hardly distinguishable from Virtue, and such as are most likely

likely to impose not only on the World, but even on the Person who has them ; and I do say, a Girl of good Sense and a virtuous Disposition, is not in so much Danger of becoming *Phryne* or *Doris*, or even *Artimesia* or *Sappho*, as she is of becoming an *Amoret*. The last Stanza of this little Poem, namely,

She likes herself, yet others hates,

For that which in herself she prizes,

And while she laughs at them, forgets

She is the Thing which she despises,

is the most judicious and most true Remark I ever read on the Sex, and yet the least noticed. By the bye, it may very often be applied to our Sex as well as yours, and with as much Propriety.

Thus

Thus you see the *Doctor* has shewn your Sex what they ought to shun, in some Poems, and what they ought to be, in others; namely, in his *Biddy Floyd*, *a Lady at Court*, *Stella*, *Mrs. B---*, &c.

Adieu, my dear. I shall write you soon some further Thoughts, perhaps to-morrow or next Day; but I am afraid I tire you.

I am,

yours,

J. P.

L E T-

LETTER XCV.

Oxon. July 27, 1743.

I Have not yet got Time to make a Copy of *The Dressing-Room* for you, but shall do it by the next Post-Day, and then to *Horace*.

Besides what I mentioned in my last Letter relative to female Faults, there are some which proceed from the Condition of Life. Women, by their Constitution, by their Frame of Body and Mind, are more formed for Subjection, than Men are. Some People indeed have disputed this, but it has been rather to shew their Wit and Parts, than for any other Pur-

Purpose, for the Fact is too evident to be denied. Allowing it to be so, there are then some Temptations which arise from the Condition of the Sex. A Desire of Rule, or perhaps of having their Will, which is as strong in many Women as in Men, naturally incites them to find out some crafty Methods to obtain it. By the Prerogative of our Sex, we go a shorter and more direct Way to work. Some masculine Women do the same, especially when they meet with soft, easy, womanish Men ; but, for the most Part, it is otherwise. Women then, I say, who are desirous of Sway, are reduced to peculiar Contrivances to obtain it : they must apply to Art and Cunning, to wheedling or teasing, according to the Temper of the Persons they have to deal

deal with. I do not mean to infer from this, that Women are by Nature more insincere, more cunning, flattering, or more affected than the Men, but that it is only the Condition, whereto the Disadvantage of their Sex reduces them, which is the Source and Origin of such indirect Practices. To confirm this, we may observe that Children, (Boys I mean) will do the self same Thing, to obtain what they want from their Parents; so will Servants, or any Inferiors, from their Masters and Superiors. But Women, who have humane and reasonable Husbands, and who are reasonable themselves, or are independent, (in either of which Cases the Condition is different from what I before described) are not chargeable with such Subtleties; I say, we

we do not see them make Use of any of these little, though too often necessary, Arts.

I fear I have tired you. I have dwelt too long on a Subject too grating to a female Ear; I shall therefore only observe, that some Faults flow from the Sex, (are *generical*, if I may so call them) more arise from Education, but most from their Condition or Station in Life.

I think it is Dr. *Swift* who will not allow that there is such a Thing as masculine and feminine Virtues. What is Virtue in a Man, is so in a Woman, says he. I will not dispute that Opinion, but I believe I may affirm, that there are Virtues, as well as Vices, in general,
more

more strongly implanted in the one Sex, than in the other ; as for Example, Fear, Tendernefs, Compaffion, &c. in Women, and Intrepidity, Roughnefs, Hardinefs, &c. in Men. There are moreover fome Faults and Frailties pardonable in the one Sex, which are abominable in the other.

A young Fellow who rambles about, and runs Riot, is eafily forgiven ; if a young Woman fhould do fo, ſhe is gone at once. As *Rozze* ſays,

She ſets, like Stars that fall, to riſe no more.

I do not preſume to ſay but that the World is rather unjuſt to be ſo indulgent on the one Hand, and ſo ſevere on the other ; but that is no Kind of Alleviation

viation to the young Woman who exposes herself to such Danger.

There are some Instances on the other Hand. If a Woman is frightened at Trifles or Shadows, she is compassionated; a Man so circumstanced, would be ridiculed. If Women put on affected Airs, or are over-solicitous about their Dress and Appearance, at worst they are despised, perhaps only pitied; but let a Man be guilty of such Things, he is detested.

These Hints, my dear, were occasioned by the Poems I sent you. You may pursue them to a greater Length, and they may serve as useful Warnings to shew you where your Danger lies, and preserve you from falling into it. To know
where

where we are most weak, is one Step towards our Security. Every young Person, especially a Female, coming into Life, should nicely observe the Distinction between the Virtues and Vices of both Sexes, and be able to ascertain the respective Conduct necessary to be pursued.

The Post is just come in, but I have nothing from you. I hope you are well. My next Letter shall be on a quite different Subject.

Je suis, ma chere Nannette, très sincèrement,

le votre,

J. P.

L E T.

LETTER XCVI.

Oxon. July 29, 1743.

JUST now, my dear, I have the Pleasure of yours of the 27th, and thank you for it. I do not call this an Answer, but barely an Acknowledgment; for I am obliged to defer sending you the Copy of Verses I promised, and writing what I proposed, being compelled to go out of Town for some few Days; but do not let that hinder your writing to me, for your Letters will be sent to me, and I can answer them from the Country.

I won-

I wonder you have so long put off going to *Hampton Court*. You should have seized your first good Weather for that; that is, if your Mama did not disapprove it; but if she found herself inclined to rest at *Richmond*, I make no Doubt but your warmest Desires for Pleasure would be submitted to her Ease. No Duty is so graceful as that which is paid to a Parent, and it should be continued through Life; the first to be taken up, the last to be laid aside.

When you return to *London*, I will endeavour to get you a little Hoard of Franks; but, in the mean Time, write on, and give me Pleasure. My Retirement will be improved, as my Hours

of Business are relieved, by our Correspondence.

My Service to your Mama.

I am, my dear,

ever yours,

J. P.

LETTER XCVII.

Oxon. Aug. 21, 1743.

AT my Return to this Place, my dear Nancy, I received yours of the 13th of July, and yesterday I had another of the 5th instant. I cannot account for the Letter having been five Days on the Road.

Your

Your being taken sick upon your Tour must be both a Disappointment and Inconvenience. I hope however your Disorder will not increase. If it should, and you are unable to write, beg your Mama to favour me with a Line, as you may reasonably suppose I shall otherwise be kept in a very uneasy Suspence.

Suffer me here to trouble you with a little Caution, which however I cannot think you stand in Need of. There is an idle Custom, wherein too many of your Sex indulge themselves, which ought to be carefully guarded against; I mean that of complaining for Trifles, and endeavouring to impose a slight Indisposition for a material Illness. Some

Ladies who follow this Practice, perhaps would never dream of doing it of their own Accords, but they have seen the Affectation in others, and fancied it became them; thus they are guilty of that through Imitation, which they would never have been through Principle. Such Persons draw on themselves one Inconvenience at least, namely, that of not being credited, when they are really ill.

To divert you, I will quote a Passage out of *Horace*, somewhat similar to this. I own the Translation to be very indifferent, but the Sense is excellent.

*A small Retainer in a great Man's Train,
Who still is asking, and doth still complain,*

I want

I want a good Surtout—'tis very cold—
 My Trunk is rifled, and I've lost my Gold,
Does like those cheating Punks, who often mourn,
 I've lost my little Dog—my Gown is torn—
Until, at last, unheeding the Complaint,
We give no Credit to their real Want.

One that has often been abus'd, grows shy,
He views a Beggar with a heedless Eye,
No Charity bestows, altho' he swears,
By Heav'n, (and softens ev'ry Oath with Tears)
 Believe me, I'm in Want—and sadly cries,
 O cruel ! help the poor !—*The Crowd replies,*
 A d'autres, Friend—we know you and your
 Lies.

I wish there were a good Translation
 of *Horace*, for your Sake, but it is what
 I despair of ever seeing : however, I
 would have you acquainted with him
 even in such Translation as we have. I
 will get you the best I can very soon.

He is a Treasure that you would be glad to be possessed of; and though you may relish him but indifferently, as he is given in our Language, yet it is better than not to be acquainted with him at all.

I do not know how long it may be before I see *London*. If you are willing therefore, we will supply the Absence as usual, by Letter, and perhaps to better Advantage than if we were together.

I am, my dear,

yours,

J. P.

P. S. Since

P. S. Since writing the above, I have a Letter from Mr. K—, and one from you, about the Parcel of Snuff you have been so good to send me. I thank you very kindly. Such little Remembrances are endearing, and sometimes more so than material Services; since the latter are generally called out by some occasional Claim of Exigency, whereas the former are the Result of a constant Attention and Inclination to oblige. The *Portuguese* have a pretty Adage, or Proverb, to this Purpose, which means,

Civility costs little, and gains much.

You ask about the unhappy Accident, mentioned in the News-Papers.

You perceive, by this, that the Disaster

did not befall me. It is true, the poor Servant was drowned, by the Boat over-setting. Mr. L— was got out, without any Damage. I was not in the Boat. I have neither mentioned it in writing, nor talked of it to any one, when I could avoid it. Such Events, I think, are painful to the Hearer as well as the Speaker ; for this Reason, I did not hint it to Mr. K—.

A great Concourse of Company is to be at our Races this Week. This Hall will be crouded. The Duke of *Hamilton*, Earl of *Orrery*, and his Son, Lord *Boyle*, will lye here ; a Brother of Mr. L— from the *Indies*, and many more Gentlemen.

Give

Give my hearty Service to your Mama and Aunt ; thank them for their kind Concern about me, and write me when you think fitting.

I am, again and again,
your affectionate Friend,

J. P.

LETTER XCVIII.

Oxon. Aug. 25, 1743.

My Dear,

I Have yours of the 23d, for which I am much obliged, since it brings me News of your Amendment. It may appear odd to say, I am now very glad to be informed that you have been *veritablement malade* ; as I would rather that a

H 5

Person,

Person, for whom I entertain such a high Esteem, as I do for you, should be lost to Health, than lost to Truth. In such a Case as ours, however, I know the Generality of the World would not call it a Falshood, only an Equivocation ; but surely, instead of mending the Matter, this is only making it worse ; the Fault is the same, with the Aggravation of Meanness. We see frequent Instances hereof in the common Occurrences of Life, and People are either insensible, or regardless of them. But call the Transgression what by Name you will, still it is such as I thought you incapable of, and am pleased to be confirmed in my Opinion ; though by your calling my Quotation from *Horace* a bitter Pill, you certainly strained it to a Meaning I did not intend

intend you should. I had some Suspicion of this when I wrote it. However, I chose to leave it for you to comment on, and for myself to defend afterwards, which I thus do.

Every Fable has, or may have, a general, as well as a particular Application. Our Story shews the Danger of People using false Pretences, on various Occasions, and thereby running a Risque of not being believed, when they speak Truth. This is the general Moral or Application. The particular Moral is specified in the kept Woman losing her Credit with her Friend, by pretending eternal Wants and Losses ; a Hanger-on with his Retainer ; and a Beggar with the Passenger. Now you chose to introduce a

particular Application to your own Illness, which I thought I had guarded against in my Premisal to the Quotation. It seems you did not think so, and there was no Harm in it; it was but the natural Result of a strong and a nice Feeling; and, were it an Error, I would readily take it on myself, being, as I am, the Source of it; and again assure you I meant only to amuse, not to reproach you.

I have bought *Horace* for you; but the Translation being very indifferent, many Allusions made to Roman Customs, and Roman Names of People and Places introduced, I fear it will read very heavily. You would nevertheless find it worth your while to put up with
the

the former, and be at some extraordinary Pains to make yourself acquainted with the others, for the Sake of the prudent Sayings, Advices, Maxims, and Reflections, wherewith the Author abounds. In short, you must, for once, be contented with the *utile* without the *dulce*, for the latter is all left behind with the Original. It will somewhat resemble a wholesome Pill, without any Gilding.

There is another Author I want to make you acquainted with, and that is *Longinus on the Sublime*. I will get one for you, and send it with *Horace*. Observe, my dear, while I am recommending these to you, I have no Design to induce you to set up for a Critic, or a female Pedant, only to enable you to
know

know the Extent of your own Judgment, and how to correct and regulate it to your Profit and Pleasure. For this Purpose merely it is that I wish to make you acquainted with some of the best Writers of Antiquity, who accurately distinguish between Sense and Nonsense, true and false Wit, Humour and Farce, Sublime and Bombast, a noble Flight and a Rant, a graceful Complaint and an unbecoming Whining.

The melancholy Accident, which you enquire about, happened in the following Manner.

We were at a Treat which a new Comer to the Hall gives to the other Students. It was

was at the celebrated Place, called *Godstow*, where *Fair Rosamond*, the Favourite of Henry II. was buried. A Branch of the *Isis* runs there, which at *London* is called the *Thames*. There is a Bridge of two Arches; the one was stopped up, in order to catch Fish there, so the whole Stream was thrown into the other. Mr. L— had taken his Servant into his Boat, and was endeavouring to push through the Arch, which he had, at other Times, done without Difficulty; but, on this Occasion, the Impetuosity of the Current suddenly drove the Boat back with great Violence; Mr. L— stumbling against his Servant, they were both thrown forcibly on the Edge of the Boat, and occasioned it to be so far overbalanced, as to be filled with Water. Apprehensive
that

that the Boat would immediately sink, Mr. L— jumped out, and was taken up without the least Harm ; but the Servant, staying longer by the Boat, was drove further from the Bank, and being unable to swim, he unfortunately sunk, before the Boat, which took up his Master, could reach him. They once or twice got a Pole under him, but could not save him. I did not see the first Part of the Misfortune, for I was not come out from Dinner, but arrived Time enough to see Mr. L— taken up, and the poor Man lost.

I have gratified your Curiosity, but you need not tell the Story out of your Family. There is something very shocking in the Idea of a poor Creature being snatched
thus

thus from Life, in an Instant, and, as
Shakespeare says,

With all his Imperfections on his Head,

and Calamities like these should serve as
a Warning to us all, to lead such Lives,
as might best enable us to meet such
Deaths, if called on.

Adieu, my dear,

I am always yours,

J. P.

LETTER XCIX.

Oxon. Aug. 28, 1743.

Dear Nancy,

I Have just now received yours of the
26th. Some Mistakes have happened
between us about Dates, which we can-
not

not easily settle, I find, and some Mis-carriages in the Post, which we cannot repair; therefore I do not hold it worth our while to enter into a Discussion about them. Time ill-employed is worse than Time unemployed, and the last is bad enough in all Conscience.

The entire Occasion of my writing just now is to tell you that I go into the Country, to *Tew*, to-morrow early, and shall not return for two or three Days. When I do, I shall send you *Horace* and *Longinus*. You are probably thinking of their Arrival now; I therefore hold it necessary to make an Apology for not gratifying the Expectation I have raised. It is, in some Degree, like not paying a Debt which we have voluntarily contracted.

You

You promised to read those Books in the Holy Scriptures, and the *Apocrypha*, which I recommended, and to let me have your Thoughts of them. Why do you not so employ yourself now, and write your Thoughts at your Leisure? When you get *Horace* and *Longinus*, there will be a new Subject of Correspondence. But I do not desire to hurry you. Write, when you find the Spirit of writing upon you, that is, when you find yourself best inclined to it.

Adieu, my dear Nancy,

J. P.

L E T.

LETTER C.

*Oxon. Sept. 4, 1743.***My dear Nancy,**

JUST now I have the Pleasure of yours. I have been hurried ever since I wrote you last. I am this Evening returned to Town, and must leave it again early to-morrow Morning.

My present Business occasions a second Disappointment in the Books I promised. They cannot come till I return; but, believe me, you should not wait so long for them, if it were in my Power to prevent it. I have known People who made a Point of baulking young Folks

of

of Presents and Enjoyments that had been promised them, from a prudent Design (as they termed it) of inuring them early to Disappointments. I hold it the most dangerous Way of proceeding in the World. Beside that it will never answer the End proposed (for it will be much more likely the Temper should be hurt than improved by it) it is practising Cunning and low Artifice with them; setting them a bad Example; for as soon as they are old enough to discover the Means you use, they will be induced to practise the same with you, and endeavour to counteract one Craft by another. Hence they are early seduced from the first great Principle of Goodness, Truth, and by Degrees all that is open and ingenuous in the Mind
may

may be quenched, ere they know the Value of it.

If I return on Tuesday, your Books shall be sent on Wednesday; if I do not, you cannot have them till Friday. Wait with Patience till then, and I think you need not wait longer. I believe *Longinus* will give you great Satisfaction. Our Correspondence about Books, and Observations on them, has been long interrupted. I care not now how soon it is resumed; but it shall be at your own Choice. I will not hurry you.

I have one Letter more to write about Dr. *Swift's* Genius, and then I have entirely done with that Subject. I promised,
 'tis

'tis true, to let you have what *Horace* says of the *Iliad* and *Odysssey*, but as I am to send you the Book itself, that Promise is superseded.

I wish, for your Sake, that the Translation were better, or that you understood the Original ; I will however assist you as far as I am able, and, in my next Letter, point out some Places, to which I would have you particularly attend.

I am, my dear Angel,

your true Friend,

and Well-wisher,

J. P.

LETTER CI.

Oxon. Sept. 8, 1743.

THREE Lines to inform my dearest Nancy that I am just returned from *Tew* with Dr. King; where I have staid, at least, one Day longer than I expected. I am just Time enough to keep my last Promise. You may send to the Black Bull in Holborn, at the Time I mentioned, and the Messenger will find a little Box addressed to you, containing my Promise, and an Author or two over and above, by way of Interest, for the Principal having been so long due.

I want

I want to read *Longinus* myself, and to compare it and the Notes with another Edition which I had designed for you, but I would not longer delay. I have, I think, sent you the best. I have no more to say at present, only that I wish to hear from you; but that at your Leisure.

We shall now begin to correspond in earnest again. This Interval of Relaxation may have its Use. We shall return to more intense Studies with greater Spirit.

I am, my dear,

yours,

J. P.

LETTER CH.

Oxon. Sept. 11, 1743.

Dear Nancy,

YOU have now received the Books.

Longinus is a most admirable Author, but he will require a deep Attention in reading. I advise you to observe the Notes as you go along; not leave them till last. When you have made yourself Mistress of them, read the Book through again. This will give you a very competent Knowledge of him, and your Pleasure will be increased in Proportion. A real good Author, you know, like a real good Man, improves on our Acquain-

Acquaintance. Your own Judgment will suggest to you the most useful and remarkable Places ; however, I recommend the 8th, 14th, 17th, 34th, and the two last Chapters. You will give me your Opinion of the whole, in due Time. When you enter upon *Horace*, you must make great Allowance for the Stile, the Measure of his Verse, and yet more for the weak Expression in which the original Sense and Meaning is given.

This Minute yours of the 9th. Never delay writing, because Franks are wanting. I hold such a Consideration unworthy to be put in Balance with a Letter from a Friend. Postage is cheap enough ; and your Correspondence is dear to me.

I cannot say when I am to be in *London*. You will have another little Parcel soon, containing some Buckles and other Necessaries, which Mr. K— desired me to procure for him. Please to send them to him, and he will remit the Price; I have advised him what the Amount is. Do me the Favour to accept it, for the Improvement of your little Library. Make such Purchases as Fancy dictates; I will not direct or controul your Choice.

I am concerned for your Mama's Indisposition. I beg to hear about her soon, but desire nothing more from you. I would not be the Means of employing a Minute of your Time now, which
is

is so essentially necessary to your Care and Attention to her.

I have little Leisure at present ; my next shall be longer. When you can return to our usual Custom, why may you not write me in French now and then ? The *Archbishop of Cambray's Dialogues des Morts*, &c. are excellent ; composed of very fine, easy, and familiar French. They deserve to be read often.

I am, my dear,

yours,

J. P.

LETTER CIII.

Oxon. Sept. 16, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

I Have the Pleasure of yours of the 13th, and am glad to hear you got the Things safe, and that your good Mama is better. You have one of the greatest Comforts and Blessings of this Life, a good Parent; and indeed you are one of the few young Folks who deserve the Blessing, in-as-much as you are sensible of it, and, by your Conduct towards her, prove you are grateful for it. May it be long continued to you!

I hold

I hold myself indebted to you for your ready Acceptance of my little Present; it was the most pleasant and grateful Return you could make me. There is a Delicacy necessary in accepting, as well as conferring a Kindness, which is nicely explained by our *Shakespeare*. He makes *Othello* say to *Iago*, (who has sworn to devote himself to his Service)

I greet thy Love

Not with vain Thanks, but with Acceptance bounteous.

This Phrase, *bounteous Acceptance*, is liberal beyond defining; it can only be *felt*. What is usually called *Taste*, consists entirely in *Feeling*; and I am not clear that the latter Expression would not be the most proper.

I 4

I have

I have no Doubt but you will soon get through *Longinus*, and all the Notes. I know your Expedition, therefore wish you to attack him a second Time, before you transmit me your Opinion. Let me likewise have your Thoughts on *Horace*, the Scriptures, and the Apocrypha, as you go on with them. I shall soon give my additional Letter of Observations on *Swift's* Mode of writing.

There is a little Publication, called *Dialogues sur l'Eloquence en general, et sur celle de la Chair en particulier, avec une Lettre ecrite à l'Academie Francoise*, by the *Archbishop of Cambray*. It is a most excellent little Book, and I wish you would endeavour to get it. The Bookseller in *Clare-Court*, I dare say, will find it for you.

you. Read it with the closest Attention ; it deserves you should, for it will assist you in a right Way of thinking and and judging.

The Duke of *Hamilton* is, or was lately, at *Stockbridge* in *Hampshire*. I hope he will be soon in *London*. But why do you ask ?

The Translations you speak of may more properly be called Imitations than Translations ; and you will certainly find more Beauty in them, than in *Creech*, though they do not follow the Original so close. I think therefore *Creech* should be your first Object, by way of grounding yourself in the original Meaning of *Horace*, then turn to what you please ;

in particular, to *Pope's* Imitations of some of his Epistles and Satires; they will charm you.

I hope to hear soon, and am,

my dear Scholar,

yours,

J. P.

LETTER CIV.

Oxon. Sept. 19, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

ON Saturday last I sent you a Letter by Dr. *King's* Servant, which I hope you have received safe.

For these three Months past, I have employed my spare Hours in reading such
Authors.

Authors as have wrote on Poetry ; for Example, *Horace, Boileau's and Vida's Art of Poetry, Pope's Essay on Criticism, the Duke of Buckingham's Essay on Poetry, and Lord Roscommon's Essay on translated Verse.* I have also been at the Pains to make Abstracts from them all, and this for two Reasons ; first, to make the deeper Impression on my Mind, secondly, to have them to recur to, on Occasion.

As I said once before, I would not have you set up for a Critic ; but as Nature has implanted in you a Love and Taste for reading, I could wish you, at this Leisure-Time of your Life, to acquire as right a Judgment as you can of what you read, and be able to converse upon it. But your own Discretion must

be your Monitor, not to let these Studies engage your Time and Attention, to the Neglect of such domestic Qualifications, as your Sex and Situation may hereafter demand.

I have sent you a loose Abstract of the Duke of *Buckingham's Essay*, and, if you desire them, will furnish you with Abstracts of the rest. This may, at first View, appear an useless Trouble to one who has the Originals at Hand, but, in Fact, is not so; it may be of the same Use to you, that it was to me; and you will still have a much stronger Impression of any Rule or Passage, by writing your Remarks to me, or adding what is defective to mine; for, as I did them hastily,

ly, no Doubt, many Things want to be corrected.

Shall I give you a short Character of the Authors I have named ?

Horace is always allowed the first Place. Notwithstanding he slides over Things in a short, easy, careless Way, scarce seeming to observe any Order, yet he requires a great deal of Attention. *Roscommon's* Translation of him is good, though *Oldham's* loose Manner gives us most Pleasure. This Author has also been translated by *Ben Jonson* and several others.

Vida stands next. He does not meddle with the different Kinds of Poetry,
only

only with Poetry in general, and chiefly applies what he says to the *Epic*. He is more full, regular, and methodical, than any of them. He points out how a Youth of Genius should be trained in the Art of Poetry; and treats of many Things, which none of the others, whom I have named, have touched upon; all in such excellent Verse, and so suited to the Nature of his Subjects, that the Sound is in Reality “an Echo to the Sense.” The Original is in Latin. I am not certain whether he has been translated, but will enquire; if he has, I will get him for you; but, at all Events, you must compound for the Loss of his genuine Beauty.

Boileau

Boileau is very judicious ; he takes in all Kinds of Poetry, and borrows a great deal from *Horace*, but is more methodical.

Pope's Essay on Criticism is a consummate Piece ; but it is so concise, that, like *Horace*, he demands close Attention. He borrows much from the three before-mentioned.

Roscommon and the Duke of *Buckingham* are much shorter. They omit many Things which the others mention, but what they have written is finely executed. The Duke of *Buckingham* insists most on Dramatic Writing. What he has said, though imperfect, is very judicious, and his Lines are masterly.

On

On the whole, I have one Piece of Advice for you ; namely, that you would particularly observe what they have in common with each other. By this Means you will be nearest to the right.

No more, till I hear from you, which I hope will be soon ; but pray do not write, when you are in a Hurry.

I am, my dear,

always yours,

J. P.

LETTER CV.

Oxon. Sept. 22, 1743.

Dear Nancy,

I Have, on the other Leaf of this Letter, sent you an Abstract of *Lord Roscommon's Essay on translated Verse*. If you will

will let the Abstract lye by you, while you go through the Work itself, it will assist you to distinguish one Rule from another, and implant them still deeper in your Mind.

This Author will particularly define *Tragedy* and *Comedy*, and enable you to form a proper Judgment of them.

I need not observe to you that the first general Qualification necessary in all Kinds of Writing is good Sense. The peculiar Ingredients requisite for Tragedy are Terror and Pity, those for Comedy are Wit and Humour. *Corneille* thought to bring a fourth into Tragedy, namely, Admiration ; but it is not by any Means so essential as the former. It will sometimes

times have its Effect, and act very agreeably on the Mind, but Terror and Pity always have been, and always will be, allowed the main Ingredients.

In like Manner, Wit and Humour are necessary to Comedy. The Preference between these is generally given to Humour, and I think very justly. If Humour is that peculiar Mode of thinking, and of saying and doing Things, which some Persons possess, and are thereby distinguished from all others, then it must be the chief Ingredient in Comedy. Most People are endued with this Talent in a greater or less Degree; and it is not uncommon to see the Happiness or Unhappiness of Life depend on this peculiar Cast of Mind and of Behaviour.

haviour. *Congreve* has an excellent Letter on Humour in Comedy. Pray read it.

Wit assuredly claims only the second Place. Complaints have been made of too much Wit in some of our Comedy-Writers, in *Congreve*, for Instance. If any one merits the Charge, he must be the Man ; but I am afraid it is generally rather false Wit, or something mistaken for Wit, which is complained of. There are very few Authors, however, who can be arraigned of this Fault ; though I have heard *Terence* and *Wycherley* in the List with *Congreve*.

True Wit is hard to be defined. Some call it merely a Propriety of Thoughts and Words ; but I think it rather is good
Sense

Sense well expressed. Others term it an Assemblage of Ideas of very distinct and different Nature, yet capable of being solved into an agreeable and unexpected Likeness. *Congreve's* Comparison of Religion and Politics to Oil and Vinegar, is an Instance in Point. But I think this rather a Species, than a Definition of Wit. In my Opinion, Wit consists in an ingenious Thought, cloathed in good Phrase, expressed with Liveliness, and creative of Pleasure and Mirth *. If so, it is an Essential to Comedy. It recommends and enforces our Sentiments, which, howsoever just or important they may be,

* An ingenious and pleasant Friend of mine makes *Translation* the Test of Wit. Will it, says he, still continue Wit, if rendered into another Language? If it will, it is truly Wit--if not, it is only Humour.

would

would otherwise too frequently, make very slight Impressions. Let us however not forget that it is a dangerous Weapon in the Hands of a Fool, or a vicious Person; for false Sentiments and bad Doctrine, thus seasoned, might too generally prevail, and mislead Persons of very right Dispositions. More in my next.

I am,

my dear Nancy,

yours,

J. P.

P. S. In reading the annexed Abstract, you are to observe that many of the Author's Rules and Observations will serve for Poetry in general, as well as for translated Verse, as will those of Mr.

Pope

Pope either for Poetry or Criticism. Lord *Roscommon* has had *Horace*, *Boileau*, and *Vida*, in his Eye, but principally *Vida* ;
Immortal Vida, on whose honour'd Brow,
The Poet's Bays, and Critick's Ivy grow. POPE.

LETTER CVI.

Oxon. Sept. 25, 1743.

A Comedy with too much Wit in it has been compared to a Suit of Cloaths, so richly embroidered, as to prevent the Ground-Work being seen. I think however it is oftner Tinsel, than Sterling, of which we complain.

It has been objected to *Congreve*, that his very Servants and low Characters
 are

witty. Why should they not be so? Have we not seen such in real Life, especially those who have acquired a little better Sort of Education; *Jeremy* in his *Love for Love* is described to have waited on a Gentleman at *Cambridge*; is there any Wonder such a Servant should be witty; or such as are bred in or near *London*, or in the Neighbourhood of the Court? I do not see why they may not be as witty as their Betters, as they often are.

He is again charged with having written bad English. He does so sometimes, but puts it in the Mouth of a low Character. He must be a weak Observer indeed, who cannot distinguish between the Character and the Author.

Mr.

Mr. *Pope* himself objects that *Congreve's* Fools are not Fools ;

How seldom do the best succeed!

Tell me if Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed.

In my humble Opinion, Mr. *Pope* should have considered that *Congreve* had declared, and justly, against bringing errant Fools on the Stage, that is, such as are created so. Why, for what End bring Persons there, who ought rather to be pitied than exposed? We might as justifiably reduce deaf or dumb People to Ridicule, as such Fools as these. Lord *Rocheſter* has an excellent Observation on this Head ; he ſays, the Folly which deſerves to be expoſed, is procured

— — by *Expence of Time and Thought,*
God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat,

mean-

meaning to imply that Coxcombry must proceed from Vanity, Pride, Affectation, or a wrong Taste.

Congreve complains that his *Witwou'd*, in *the Way of the World*, was mistaken by the Town for a *True-Wit*. The Error was wholly theirs. His Judgment was too nice to suffer him to draw gross Fools: his were of a refined Cast, and were Men, who had the Appearance, at least, of something like Men of Sense. Of this Sort are *Tattle*, *Petulant*, *Witwou'd*, and *Brisk*; though they are Fools enough at the Bottom; but nevertheless are such to whom we should rather give the Appellation of Fops or Coxcombs.

The Objection to *Congreve*, that his Fools are not Fools enough, is not half so bad as if they had been too much so. Surely the Town would not have wished him to have brought either an Ideot or a Lunatick on the Stage. He has indeed brought a Counterfeit-Madman there, and *Ben Johnson* a real Madman, (in his Comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*) but not with an Intent to expose either the one or the other. If we consider the Conduct of the Persons I have named, from their first Entrance to the Time they leave the Stage, we shall find them Fools enough in all Conscience. *Petulant* and *Witwou'd*, for Example, can seldom be asunder; they speak ill of one another, when apart; they play at Snip Snap, and a rude Sort of bantering one another in Company,

pany, and even before Strangers. They affect a strange Sort of Cant; there is a kind of Pertness in all they say; their Repartee is lively, but silly and unmannerly; they get drunk, and come in that Pickle before their Mistress; they fall into an absurd Fit of wrangling, in which they both speak rank Nonsense; they set up for being very severe upon the Ladies; they give up their Pretensions to *Millamant* with as little Reason as they formed them; in a Word, they are a Couple of Coxcombs, approaching towards Wit and Breeding, but in Truth having neither. Instead of good Sense, polite Wit, and genteel Repartee, they have a sort of rude Briskness, and run the Rig, as the young Templars,

plars, and spruce Wits, call this Sort of joking.

This has diverted me from what I was going to say about Wit. I will defer it till my next.

I am,

my dear Nancy,

your affectionate Friend,

J. P.

P. S. Your Letter is just now arrived, but I have no Time to answer it till to-morrow.

L E T.

LETTER CVII.

Oxon. Sept. 28, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

I Thought to have pursued the Subject of my last Letter two Days ago, but had not Time. I now proceed to enquire what Wit is, and when it may be used with Propriety.

Though I cannot give you a perfect Definition of Wit, (which perhaps is not to be done, the Word being so variously applied) yet I think we may define in what Shape it generally appears. In the first Place, Wit, in my Opinion,

is good Sense ; or, at least, it is founded in good Sense, although there is something more necessary to constitute it ; for Example, Jocoseness, Sprightliness, Ridicule ; but above all, Aptness. The Time and Manner of applying it makes great Part of the Merit.

A good Pun passes for Wit, with some Folks, but I fear it is no Way allied to it. A wild Expression carries the same Appearance with others, but if there be not something ingenious in it as well as wild, I doubt it will never deserve the Name of Wit.

Wit appears often in a smart Repartee, if made off-Hand ; Impromptu's, as

as the French call them. These are very entertaining, provided a fair Occasion offers, and the Person, who gives that Occasion, deserves the Smart. The Conversation between *Millamant* and *Marwood*, in *the Way of the World*, is a lively Instance hereof. The former retorts on the latter with Abundance of Wit, Humour, and Satire.

I will give you one Instance in a little Story where the Repartee was lively, and severe, and deserved, and immediately took its Rise from what had been said.

The famous *Judge Jefferies* was notable at confounding and brow-beating Witnesses, as they call it, especially when

their Testimonies were not agreeable to him. An old reverend Man, with a great Beard, was giving Evidence before him, when *Jefferies*, in Hope to put him out of Countenance, said, “If that Fellow’s Conscience is as large as his Beard, he may swear what he pleases.” The Witness, taking hold of his Beard, gravely replied, “Nay, my Lord, if you measure Consciences by Beards, your Lordship has none at all.”

Thus introduced, Repartee surely merits to be called Wit, and is not only an agreeable, but an useful Talent; but when it is exercised against good-natured, inoffensive People, or such as are in Want or Affliction, it becomes detestable,

ble, and rather deserves the Name of Cruelty. It is indeed as unmanly and cowardly in these Cases, as it would be to assail with Violence one who had not a Weapon to defend himself, or if he had, who possessed neither Strength or Spirits to make Use of it. And yet many such witty Fools are to be found, who chuse to display their Talents on any Subject, rather than lose an Opportunity of shewing them *. One Comfort is, that they often feel the ill Effects themselves; for Wit, improperly placed, is as apt to injure the Possessor, as a Gun, by recoiling, to

* Dr. Young, in his *Love of Fame*, displays an honest Indignation, at this cruel Use of Wit, with great Energy—

*Who, for the poor Renown of being smart,
Would leave a Sting within a Brother's Heart?*

bruise an injudicious Shooter. Shall I illustrate this by another little Anecdote?

A certain noble Roman was standing for one of their highest Offices; the Consulship, I believe. The Election being popular, the Candidates were obliged to court the Freemen, as is practised in our Country at every Election for a Seat in Parliament. All the Voters were careffed. This Noble was shaking Hands with a poor labouring Man, and perceiving them to be very hard, "Friend," quoth he, with a Sneer, "dost thou walk upon thy Hands?" The Man took the Witticism in Dudgeon, and had Resentment and Interest enough to make the Noble lose his Election.

The

The famous Sir *Thomas Sydenham*, who was an extraordinary great Man in his Way, had so indifferent an Opinion of Wit, that he used to say, "There was almost as great a Difference between Wisdom and Wit, as between Something and Nothing." Yet I cannot agree with him. Wit, properly managed and tempered, may be rendered (as I said before) an agreeable and useful Quality. We should only take Care not to let it get the better of good Sense, good Nature, good Humour, or good Manners.

I am about to send you a Book, which contains the Duke of *Buckingham's* and Lord *Roscommon's* Poems, and the Archbishop of *Cambray's* Reflections on Elo-

K 6

quence.

quence. *Boileau's* Art of Poetry, a Translation from *Vida*, and the Abstracts you desire shall accompany them. Here-with you receive a Portion of *Pope's* Essay on Criticism, but I wish you may be able to read it. It was written in a Hurry, and I have not present Leisure to transcribe it afresh.

I am, my dear,

yours,

J. P.

P. S. I shall write again to-morrow, or Sunday, at farthest.

L E T.

LETTER CVIII.

Oxon. Sept. 30, 1743.

WIT deals occasionally in various Figures of Speech, for Example, in Metonymy and Metaphor. As you have now read *Longinus*, I need not explain those Figures here.

He had Wit, who first called *useless Learning, learned Lumber*. A very learned Man has been termed a Magazine of Learning; but if that Learning be confused and indigested, they aptly say, his Head is a Lumber-House of Learning.

Religi-

Religious Enthusiasts pretend to, what they call, *inward Light*, as a Warrant to their Belief and Actions; whence *Hudibras* says, with great Wit,

'Tis a dark Lanthorn of the Spirit,

Which none see by, but those that bear it;

intimating that their pretended Light, if it were useful at all, was not so to any but themselves.

But Wit deals most in Similies; that is, in drawing Likenesses between Things of a different Nature; and the more surprizing and unexpected those Likenesses are, and by how far the Things compared differ in their Kinds, by so much more is the Wit prized. There is one of this Kind in *Hudibras*, which

has

has been much admired, and often quoted. Speaking of People, who are truly loyal, even in Disgrace and Affliction, he says,

For Loyalty is still the same,

Whether it win, or lose the Game,

True as the Dial to the Sun,

Altho' it be not shin'd upon.

It is in Similies chiefly that most of our Poets, who deal in Wit, or pretend to it, have run Riot. What a Flood of them do we sometimes meet in Dramatic, and other Writers, introduced and pursued, without Rhyme or Reason! Every thing talked of is "like this," or "like that." Except a Simile be exceedingly well hit off, it had better be unattempted. Metonymy and Metaphor (which are indeed
but

but concealed Similies) are, in my Opinion, an easier and genteeler Conveyance of our Ideas.

There is an admirable Sneer on these Strings of Similies, which some Authors are so fond of, in *Swift's* Introduction to *The Tale of a Tub*. “Wisdom,” says that admirable Writer, “is a Fox, who, “after long hunting, will, at last, cost “you the Pains to dig out. It is a “Cheese, which, by how much the “richer, has the thicker, the homelier “and the coarser Coat; and whereof, to “a judicious Palate, the Meggots are “the best. It is a Sack-Poffet, wherein “the deeper you go, you will find it the “sweeter. Wisdom is a Hen, whose “Cackling we must value and consider, “because

“ because it is attended with an Egg.

“ But then, lastly, it is a Nut, which,

“ unless you chuse with Judgment, may

“ cost you a Tooth, and pay you with

“ nothing but a Worm.”

Had *Swift* been in earnest in these Similies, he would, at best, have appeared whimsically ridiculous ; but, in-as-much as he meant them a Satire on Simile-Mongers in general, he is most unquestionably witty ; and the whole Air and Turn of the Introduction being facetious, nothing could be better suited to the Character of the Writer.

An Author should therefore well consider, in whose Mouth to put his Similies. That will do well for one Person,
which

which will, by no Means, suit another. I suppose *Congreve's* Comparison of Religion and Politics to Oil and Vinegar, to be as witty as ever was said on any Occasion; yet because there is something wild in it, he has properly put it into the Mouth of a Madman, at least, a Character that appears so.

In the same Comedy, *Jeremy* contrives to beguile *Tattle* and Mrs. *Frail* into a Match with each other, when each was on the Hunt for a Fortune elsewhere. *Ben*, a rough Sailor, compares them hereon to a Couple of Privateers, who were looking out for a Prize, and fell foul of each other. This is admirably humorous and witty in itself, but derives double Beauty and Force from the Sailor's speaking it.

I shall

I shall conclude this Letter with a Transcript from the famous Mr. *Locke*, where he treats of the Difference between Wit and Judgment.

“ If in having our Ideas in the Memory, ready at Hand, consists Quickness of Parts, in this of having them unconfused, and being able nicely to distinguish one Thing from another, where there is but the least Difference, consists, in a great Measure, the Exactness of Judgment and Clearness of Reason, which is to be observed in one Man, above another. And, perhaps, hence may be given some Reason of that common Observation, that Men, who have a great deal of Wit and prompt Memories, have not always the clearest Judgment or deepest

deepest Reason. For *Wit* lies most in the *Assemblage of Ideas*; and putting these together with Quickness and Variety, wherein can be found any Resemblance and Congruity, thereby to make up pleasant Pictures and agreeable Visions in the Fancy. *Judgment*, on the contrary, lies quite on the other Side, in separating carefully, one from another, Ideas, wherein can be found the least Difference, thereby to avoid being misled by Similitude, and by Affinity to take one Thing for another.

“ This is a Way of proceeding quite contrary to Metaphor and Allusion; wherein, for the most Part, lies that Entertainment and Pleasantry of *Wit*, which

which strikes so lively on the Fancy, and therefore so acceptable to all People, because its Beauty appears at first Sight, and there is required no Labour of Thought to examine what Truth or Reason there is in it. The Mind, without looking any further, rests satisfied with the Agreeableness of the Picture, and the Gaiety of the Fancy ; and it is a kind of Affront to go about to examine it by the severe Rules of Truth and good Reason ; whereby it appears that it consists in something that is not perfectly conformable to them.”

I would have you, my dear Nancy, consider attentively this Distinction between Wit and Judgment. It is the best philosophical

lofophical Account of them that ever I met; though perhaps this Definition does not reach to Wit in its utmost Extent, at least, in the Sense of the Word, as used at present, and thence comes it so hard to be defined or described. Mr. *Locke* himself seems indeed somewhat sensible of this, for he, you perceive, always speaks with a sort of Exception and Doubt, as, *in a great Measure—perhaps—for the most part, &c. &c.*

I believe I shall have something more for you on this Subject the next Time I write, and then I shall quit it.

I have bespoke *Vida* for you in English, and all *Pope's* Epistles in Verse, among which are his Imitations from *Horace*.

They

They shall come with the Books I mentioned in my last.

I am,

my dear Nancy,

yours,

J. P.

LETTER CIX.

Oxon. Oct. 5, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

I Received yours of the 30th of last Month, with which I am very well pleased. I hope you have received one from me dated on the same Day with yours. In my last I exhausted almost every thing I had to say on the Topic of

of Wit and Humour; I shall only add, that, after all that can be said of them, they can only be considered as the Seasoning of Comedy. The great Standard of all is good Sense, with Discernment, Judgment, and a thorough Knowledge of Mankind.

These must appear in the Plot, Construction, and Conduct of a Play; in the Sentiments; in the Manners; in the Characters; and in the Propriety of the Diction: our Vices, our Affections, and Passions; our Humours, Weaknesses, and Follies, as well as their Contraries, ought to be well understood, coloured, and expressed. Then all are to be seasoned with Wit and Humour, in an easy and just Manner.

As

As for the Unities of Action, Time, and Place, which the Antients insist upon so strongly, especially that of Action, the best that can be said in their Behalf (in my Opinion) is, that it is better to have them, than be without them; for a Play, if it is not good in itself, will not become so, for the Unities being ever so religiously observed. We have many Plays extant, where they are all kept to the utmost Nicety, and yet the Pieces altogether are not worth a Perusal.

There are also Dramatic Productions, wherein the Rules are wholly set aside, which are the Admiration of every Reader of the most refined Taste. Our inimitable *Shakespeare* stands an Example of this, against all the cold Observers of Accuracy, that ever did, or ever will exist.

218 GENUINE LETTERS.

Pray read what *Longinus* says of *Plato* and *Lysias*, *Demosthenes* and *Hyperides*, *Ion* and *Sophocles*.

As you have *Horace's Art of Poetry*, I shall send you an Abstract of it in my next, which I could wish you would compare carefully with the Poem itself, as you go through it.

I hope to hear from you soon. I have no Time for a longer Letter at present. My most humble Service to your Mama and Aunt.

I am, dear Nancy,

yours,

J. P

L E T.

LETTER CX.

Oxford, Oct. 9, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

I Have the Pleasure of yours of the 6th, and am pleased with it. You enter into the Subject spiritedly, and your Remarks are just.

I have collected all your Books ; namely, *Roscommon's* and *Buckingham's* Essays, *Boileau*, *Vida*, *Pope's* Epistles from *Horace*, &c. (These last are sent to be new-bound) and the Arch-Bishop of *Cambray* on Eloquence. As these, together with *Aristotle's* Art of Poetry, and *Longinus*

which you have already, will give you just Ideas and form your Taste, so *Le-Faucheur* will give you a right Notion of Pronunciation. He is said to be the best who ever wrote on that Point. He is greatly commended by those two famous Men *Bayle* and *Le Clerc*. I have got him for you in English, but I could not get him in French. It seems the Translator did not know who wrote the Original, but I well know it was *Le-Faucheur*. I think you ought to consider him well.

Aristotle may, perhaps, seem somewhat hard and tedious, at first, but he is worth much Time and Labour. He is the great Original that all the Rest have followed. Use your Patience, but
if,

if, on such Trial, you find him require too much Attention, lay him aside, till you become a little older. Whenever you are acquainted with him, you will find him the true Master of true Criticism.

All these Books shall be sent you one Day this Week, and you shall have previous Notice. I have some Business, which will engage me for two Days, so you may not hear from me till Wednesday or Thursday next.

My humble Service to your Mama and Aunt.

Adieu, my dear Nancy,

Your's

J. P.

L 3

L E T

LETTER CXI.

Oxford, Oct. 16, 1743.

Dear Nancy,

I Have just now received yours of the 14th, I have a troublesome and tedious Job on my Hands, yet I will set it aside a Moment to answer your Question about *Terence*.

The Sense, the Conduct, Characters, Sentiments and Diction of this Author (I am speaking of the Original) are wonderfully fine; but the great *Julius Caesar* complained that he wanted the *Vis Comica*, that is, (translated literally)

the

the comic Force or Strength. I presume *Cæsar* meant *Humour*; and in that he assuredly fell infinitely short of *Plautus*, who alone is the other comic Poet of *Rome* that is left us.

I am entirely of your Opinion in Regard to the two Plays you mention. *The Squire of Alsatia* is a Disgrace to the Drama, to Letters, common Sense, and common Decency, and yet there have been Audiences found to encourage the Representation.

The Hint of the *Plain Dealer* is evidently taken from the *Misanthrope* of *Moliere*, but there is a great Exception to this Comedy, in Point of Decorum; which is to be much lamented when we

consider the vast Fund of Wit, wherewith it abounds.

You will have all your Books by *Bere's* Coach on *Wednesday* next. My Service at Home.

I am, my dear,

yours

J. P.

LETTER CXII.

Oxon, Oct. 20, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

I Have sent the Books according to Promise.

Herewith you have a short Abstract of *Vida's* Art of Poetry. If any Part appears

appears unintelligible, the Poem itself will clear it up. To that I refer you. I have already given my Reasons, why I send Extracts from a Poem, which you have at Hand.

I will be more particular as to those Reasons, that you may be very clear in my Meaning—

You may, perhaps, think that I might have spared myself the Pains of transcribing, and you the Pains of reading these Abstracts. But, in my Opinion, they will be of some, and even of more Use than if you had not the Books. All the Heads are but short Hints and Items, which would be of little Service without the Authors, at

large. The Authors explain and enforce what is in my little Abridgments, and those very Abridgments impress deeper in your Mind what the Author has said. They reciprocally aid each other. The Abstracts serve yet further to sort the different Heads and Precepts, and to range them in order; so that you may thereby obtain a distinct and well-disposed View of them all at once.

You shall next have an Abstract from *Boileau*. These are all to be read with great Care; and I must warn you that there are several Errors in the Printing, especially in *Pope's* Epistles, and in the Essays of *Buckingham* and
Res-

Roscommon. Those you must notice, and correct, as they occur.

Faucheur is an excellent Book. As I told you formerly, I am not for your setting up for a Critick, but I would have you attain to a just Idea of the Nature and Excellencies of fine Writing, and to form a right Judgment; towards which it is with great Pleasure that I contribute, from time to time, such Assistance as lies within my poor Ability. Write to me on Receipt of the Box.

I am, with Service to your Mama and Aunt,

my dear Nancy,

yours affectionately,

J. P.

L 6

P. S. Al-

P. S. Although *Vida* treats only of the Epic Poem, he has many useful Rules, which are applicable to every other Species of Poetry.

LETTER CXIII.

Oxon. Oct. 23, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

I Hope you have received your Books safe, and found the Letter which was with them in the Box.

I here fend you an Abstract of *Boileau's* Art of Poetry, as I did of *Vida* there. I have two or three Things to recommend to you in reading these Authors.

In

In the first Place, you should consider the great Rules, on which the Rest depend, and which are laid down by all, or, at least, the major Part of these Critics. These great Rules may be thus comprehended;

Good Sense is the Foundation of all good Writing.

Chuse Subjects fit for your Genius.

Never depart from Nature.

In the next Place, observe such Rules as are in few, or but in one of these Authors. These are more likely to escape your View, and therefore should be more carefully searched for, and attended to.

You

You should not run over these Rules carelessly, and in a cursory Manner, but deliberately, both with Attention and Application.

Sometimes reflect, at Leisure, upon one Rule or Head, sometimes upon another, and endeavour to account to yourself for the Reason of such Rule. If you cannot clearly satisfy yourself, ask some Person, or write to me. It may be no unprofitable, nor unpleasant Diversion to enter on a Disquisition of that Kind.

One Caution, by the Bye. Do not load your Head with all these Rules lumbered together in a confused, indigested Heap, but strive to understand them clearly and minutely by a patient,

tient, and leifurely Attention, and you will reap the Fruit of them in due Time.

When you cannot fee quite through the Reason of any Propofition, and yet are defirous to account for it by yourfelf, rather fufpend your Search, than remain content with a poor imperfect Solution of the Difficulty ; of all Things, never reft fatisfied with Abfurdities, which many Perfons are too apt to do, fome from Oversight, fome from mere Lazinefs. Such Errors are attended with a double Difadvantage. In the firft Inftance, no Progrefs is made in our Studies ; in the next, the Time is loft, which might have been employed to fome Purpofe.

The

The Books, which I have sent you, have, I believe, many Errata, or Mis-Printings in them; a due Observation of the Advice given above, will not only enable you to discover those, but also to supply the true Meaning of the Author.

Remember that, next to Epic Poetry, Tragedy and Comedy are the great Species of Writing. Tragedy indeed is itself a Species of the *Epic*. I do not recommend them to you merely that you should *read Plays*, (according to the Acceptation of dissipated People, who pass, or rather waste an idle Hour, over what they neither comprehend nor retain) but as *moral Treatises*; for no dramatic Works, but what have this Tendency,

answer

answer the Ends they were designed for,
or are worth your Attention.

I could wish you would improve yourself in reading ; it is a nice Art, and known but to few. You promise, I think, to excel in it. When engaged in a Poem, you would do well to repeat aloud sometimes. It is of Service to the Breath, if not done to Excess, and will be of great Use ; for many Errors will be discovered by the Ear, that are come at by no other Means. For the Rules of Pronunciation, *Le Faucheur* is the best Instructor extant among the Moderns.

But all these Rules, however well understood, will be of small Use, without
knowing

knowing the great Models from which these Rules are drawn; you should therefore read the best Authors in the different Sorts of Poetry.

The Antients lay down these three Things necessary to perfect us in any Science; first,

Art—that is, Precept or Rule;

Imitation—that is, an Endeavour to study the best Models, and follow their Manner; and,

Exercitation—namely, Practice.

Vida, as you may observe, is the most regular of all these Essayists. His first Book is on

Inven-

Invention, or the Provision of Matter ;

the next is

The Disposition, or Well-ordering of
that Matter ;

the third is

The Beautifying and Adorning of that
Matter.

These are the three great Points to be
observed not only in Poetry, but in Ora-
tory ; and in almost every Art and Sci-
ence, as Painting, Sculpture, Building,
&c.

I am,

my dear Nancy,

your affectionate Friend,

J. P.

L E T.

LETTER CXIV.

Oxon. Oct. 27, 1743.

My Dear,

I Received yours of the 22d, and answered it forthwith, but have kept the Answer by me, having been in hourly Expectation of a Recruit of Franks, and they are, but now arrived. You have neglected to notice one or two Circumstances, which I enquired about. I wish you would always place the Letter before you, which you are about to answer, and answer Correspondents as soon as you can after you hear from them. What you thus say while the Feelings are warm

warm and lively, though contained in fix Lines alone, is worth a whole Volume, that is damped by the Coldness of Delay.

I never read *Cleveland*, but am told it is an excellent Book, and shews *les Plis et les Replis de Cœur humain* very agreeably and accurately.

I think you should read *Vida* first very carefully; then *Horace*; next to him *Boileau*; then *Pope's Criticism*, *Buckingham*, and *Roscommon*, progressively. The Archbishop of *Cambray* and *Le-Faucheux*, may come in last.

Such Particulars as are treated by more than one of them, ought to be compared, after you have gone through the Authors.

thors. For Example, I would have you collect and compare all they have said upon Epic Poetry together ; upon Ode, Satire, Tragedy, and Comedy ; and when you have Leisure, write a sort of Abridgment of them, for your own Use.

You should make yourself a perfect Mistress of the principal Figures of Speech ; such as Metaphor, Simile, Allegory, Metonymy, Irony, &c. *Congreve's* Letter on Humour is a most admirable Piece. The Preface, or Introduction to *Joseph Andrews*, about Ridicule, is well worth considering. *Fielding* is an excellent Judge of Nature and Mankind. *Congreve's* Epistle to Sir *Richard Temple*, on Affectation, and another, under the Name of *Cobham*, are equally excellent.

I am

I am heartily sorry you do not understand Latin, on many Accounts ; among the rest, that you cannot read *Vida* in the Original. Though the Translation must be allowed pretty good, yet there is no coming up to the Beauties of the Author's Lines.

If I mistake not, *Cleveland* is a Romance ; there may, perhaps, be some Truth in it ; but I never read nor heard of a natural Son of *Cromwell's* under that Name, which, had the Story been true, must have been known long before now.

I am,

my dear Nancy,

your faithful

and affectionate Friend,

J. P.

LET.

LETTER CXV.

Oxon. Oct. 30, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

I Received yours of the 27th in due Course. I have written to you on so many Subjects, that I am almost exhausted; and latterly you have not entered into what I have said sufficiently to give me a Handle for proceeding. It is true, I cannot but admit your Excuse, in Part, to wit, your having so much to do during your Mother's Indisposition. Your Attention to her must create you full Employment, and you are right not to let any Consideration interrupt that pious Care.

I most

I most heartily acquit you from the Use of Pen and Ink, till you are at better Leisure, and will, in the mean Time, endeavour to give you Amusement.

I thought to have said something about Figures in Writing, but you now have *Longinus* and *Vida*, who explain them much better than I can.

In a Letter I wrote you lately, I observed there is a great deal of Satire in true Comedy. I have now to add, that there is a great deal of Irony in Satire. This is a very extensive Figure, and converts itself into many Shapes. Sometimes it is direct, pointed, and sharp; sometimes it appears in the Shape of Praise. It occasionally counterfeits Love, Pity,
 VOL. II. M Fear,

Fear, in short, what not? Sometimes it lurks in Metaphor, Allegory, Comparison, Fable, &c. Dr. *Swift* has varied it so many Ways, and all so naturally and pleasantly, that the Study of his Works, especially *The Tale of a Tub*, and the Pieces bound up with it, gives us a better Idea of true Irony, in all its Branches, than any Description is capable of affording.

The Tale of a Tub has represented the Fopperies and Absurdities of the Roman Catholic Tenets more glaringly than the gravest Discourse in the World could have done, and that under a Story taken from common Life. In that Author's other Works, he has exposed an hundred Follies in so droll a Manner, that they strike

us in that Way beyond the Power of the most solemn Essay or Declamation. How has he exposed all Kinds and Degrees of Vain-Glory and Affectation, by imitating the very Fault he is exposing! In how contemptible and just a Light has he placed the Custom of punning, of talking always proverbially, and all idle Discourse, in his *Polite Conversation*! In short, it is needless to say more than that the whole Art of Ridicule is to be learned from *Swift*.

The only Addition I have to make to this Subject, is to quote you one Instance of Irony from the Holy Scriptures, which I think as strong and as just as any I ever read. It is in Ridicule of the Priests of *Baal*, who was a false God; an Idol,

and no more. His Priests invoked him to perform a Miracle. *Elijah* mocketh them. The Reasons which he assigns for their God not answering their Intercessions, are the severest Piece of Raillery imaginable.

“ Cry aloud,” says he, “ for he is a
 “ God; either he is talking, or he is
 “ pursuing, or he is on a Journey; or,
 “ peradventure he sleepeth, and must
 “ be awaked.”

All which Charges being so unworthy of a God, the Raillery is conceived, in its full Force, the Moment the Prophet opens his Mouth, and must be understood by the most ordinary Capacity. The whole Chapter is worth your reading.

ing. It is the 18th of the first Book of *Kings*.

I do not recollect if I ever mentioned to you the 58th Chapter of *Isaiah*. If I did, you have not noticed it in any of your Letters ; if I did not, I now recommend it to you. It is admirable, as far as respects the Subject itself ; but the Disposition of the Chapter, the Repetitions, the Emphasis and Energy, and the many Figures introduced, make it admirably worth your Notice. The Chapter is still more excellent, in-as-much as it is full of strong Figures, yet appears exceedingly simple and plain. This is the great Beauty of Diction, when the Figures are so naturally brought in, that

we feel their Effect, before we perceive them. They strike unseen.

Dryden says, “ Figures ought to be
 “ worked into a Discourse, as if they
 “ were Part of the Tissue itself, not em-
 “ bodied upon it.”

The Allusion is excellent, and the Ob-
 servation just.

I am, my dearest,

yours,

J. P.

L E T -

GENUINE LETTERS.

LETTER CXVI.

Oxon. Nov. 6, 1743.

Dear Nancy,

I Have yours of the third of this Month.

You have not yet entered into any of the late Subjects I wrote to you about, but your former Excuse, I presume, still exists, and it is too strong to be opposed.

It is not material whether you ever read *Polite Conversation* again or no; the Moral of that Satire is too obvious to require much Attention, it being designed only to ridicule the insipid Conversation

that passes too ordinarily among the most fashionable People. And can it well be wondered at, when so little Attention is paid to the Education of Children, whether Male or Female, in higher Life? *To qualify them for Company* (such is the fashionable Phrase) is the chief Object of Parents in that Style; that is, to make a Bow, dance a Minuet, and play at Cards. The two first I acknowledge to be agreeable, and even necessary Qualifications, provided they are accompanied with something intrinsic. But while so much Care is employed in gracing the Outside, surely some little might be used in cultivating the Mind. Perhaps *Master* is sent to some public Seminary, and *Miss* to a Boarding-School; at both which Places, I am sorry to say, the moral Part
of

of Education is the last attended to, if it be at all. They are quickly launched into Life (poor Souls!) and possibly to the most important State of Life, Matrimony, (as Family-Purposes and Interests lead, or rather, too often mislead) without a single Idea to bless themselves with, or even knowing that there is such a Thing as a *Mind* to inspire and regulate their earthly Composition.

The Reason for calling *The Tale of a Tub* by that Name, is, I think, pretty plain. We call any idle, romantic Story, *A Tale of a Tub*, and if this Story of *Swift's* were to be taken in a literal Sense, none ever more justly deserved the Name.

I would have you look often on the Abstract of *Vida*, while you are reading him. Besides the Beauty of his Stile, the Worth, Weight, and Importance of his Subject, besides these I say, the Order, Disposition, and Method of his Poem, is admirable; preferable, in my Opinion, to all the rest.

You should read *Boileau* with great Care, and make the same Use of your Abstracts with them all. Have you yet got a thorough Conception of the principal Figures in Rhetoric and Poetry, the chief, I mean, which I pointed out to you? I hope to have an Answer to this Question soon, and your Observations on those Passages in the Holy Scriptures which I recommended. Your Letters

ters are always acceptable and entertaining, my dear Nancy, to

your ever affectionate

J. P.

P. S. I wish you would mention the Dates of my Letters, when you acknowledge the Receipt of them.

LETTER CXVII.

Oxon. Nov. 13, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

I Have the Pleasure of yours of the 10th. You say there are some Figures, which you do not, in any wise, understand. Add to *Longinus*, *Vida's* Discourse on this Point, in his third

M 6

Book,

Book, and you must acquire a due Notion of the principal Figures or Tropes, both in Poetry and Rhetoric. Metaphor is the chief of all ; and even the principal Figures, next to Metaphor, are but Species or Branches of it.

A Metaphor is the Use of a Word in a borrowed Sense. The principal Properties and Uses of it, are,

First, to express Things for which we have not suitable Words or Phrases ;

Secondly, to express them so strongly, as to convey deep and agreeable Impressions ;

Thirdly, to give us the Representation and Resemblance of two Things at once.

In

In short, it is like a Picture, where the Resemblance to the Thing painted gives us the chief Pleasure.

Near the Beginning of the third Book of *Vida's Art of Poetry*, there is this glorious Description of Metaphor :

*See how the Poet banishes with Grace
A native Term to give a Stranger Place !
From diff'rent Images, with just Success,
He cloaths his Matter in the borrow'd Dress ;
The borrow'd Dress the Things themselves admire,
And wonder whence they drew the strange Attire ;
Proud of their ravish'd Spoils, they now disclaim
Their former Colour and their genuine Name,
And, in another Garb more beauteous grown,
Prefer the foreign Habit to their own.*

After

After producing some beautiful Instances where the Metaphor is thus happily introduced, he proceeds, and illustrates his Sentiment with a Simile, which deserves our highest Admiration ;

Pleas'd with the borrow'd Charms, the Readers find

*A Crowd of diff'rent Images combin'd,
Rise from a single Object to the Mind.*

*So the pleas'd Trav'ler from a Mountain's
Brow*

*Views the calm Surface of the Seas below,
Tho' wide beneath the floating Ocean lies,
The first immediate Object of his Eyes,
He sees the Forests tremble from within,
And gliding Meadows paint the Deeps with
green ;*

*While to his Eyes the fair Delusions pass
In gay Succession thro' the watry Glass.*

We

We have no adequate Words in our Language to express the Intensity of Love, or the Extravagance of any violent Passions ; for which Reason it is very common to make use of Metaphor in our usual Discourse ; for Example, we *burn* with Love—we are *inflamed* with Rage, &c. We say of a Man who is of a kind Disposition, that he has a *warm* Heart, of one otherwise disposed, that he has a *cold*, or a *hard* Heart. We *melt* into Tears ; we *sink* with Grief ; we *swell* with Anger ; our Hearts *leap* with Joy ; we *die* with Fear ; and so on. Virgil, describing Dido concealing her Love, says,

She feeds within her Veins a Flame unseen.

In the Holy Scriptures these metaphorical Expressions are frequently met. God *hides* his Face, or *shines* upon us, *viz.*

“ *Hide* thy Face from my Sins, and

“ *blot* out all my Misdeeds.”

“ Let thy Mercy *shine* upon us !”

“ Lift up the *Light* of thy Countenance

“ upon us.”

In other Instances, where we use Metaphors to express Things with more Strength, and make a deeper Impression, for a *dull* Discourse, we say a *cold, lifeless* Discourse. A Poet, instead of telling us, the Side-Board *was filled* with Plate, says,

The Side-Board groan'd with Plate.

Meta-

Metaphor is sometimes used to bring the Thing, from which it is borrowed, before our Eyes, that we may enjoy the Beauty of the Similitude. *Cozoley* says,

The beechen Bowl foams with a Flood of Wine;
and *Pope*,

A Tide of Trojans flow, and fill the Place.

What a beautiful Resemblance is this! It not only presents us with the Idea of a great Crowd breaking into an Intrenchment, but likewise with that of a raging Sea breaking over its Banks; and to add to both, conveys the perfect Resemblance which each bears to the other.

Sometimes the Metaphor of a Metaphor is made use of; for Example, we usually

usually call a *dull* Preacher a *heavy* Preacher. *Pope* carries this Word *heavy*, which in itself is a Metaphor, to a Metaphor beyond it, where he says, in his new *Dunciad*,

— — — leaden Gilbert *preach'd*.

Heavy is a metaphorical Expression for *dull*, and *leaden* for *heavy*.

I will trouble you no further, till I know whether you chuse I should thus proceed to perfect you in the Knowledge of Figures; if you do, I shall bring you acquainted with the rest of the metaphorical Family, their Relations, and Descendants.

I am, my dear Nancy,

yours very truly,

J. P.

P. S. I know

P. S. I know you will drink my Health to-morrow.

L E T T E R CXVIII.

Oxford, Nov. 26, 1743.

My Dear,

YOU cannot conceive how much you have pleased me, in submitting to so unentertaining a Subject for a Letter, rather than be without Instruction. It is but undergoing a little disagreeable Labour now, to reap the Pleasure hereafter; for that you certainly will; and without a thorough Knowledge of the Grounds of Rhetorick, the most elegant Author or Orator can never take a proper Possession of you.

You

You ask, in your last, about Polyp-
totes, and Gradations; I shall therefore
make them the Subject of this Letter.

Their ordinary Names are *Polyptoton*,
and *Climax*, which are both Greek Words.
I need not here insert what *Longinus*
says of them, but refer you to him.
I shall only observe that, beside the
Substitution of one Number or Tense
for another, (which is the *Polyptoton*)
or rather the Licence of so doing, there
is often great Beauty in it; especially
in the Greek and Latin Languages,
and chiefly in the former, owing to
the Variety of Terminations in their
Verbs and Nouns. The French Lan-
guage too exceeds ours in this parti-
cular,

cular, though it falls very short of the other two.

That you may clearly understand what I mean, take the following Example in French.

“ Si vous m’aviez aimé autant que je
 “ vous aime, je vous aimerois mieux que
 “ Personne ; mais vouliez vous que je vous
 “ aimasse, quand vous ne m’aimiez pas ? ”

Do you not here perceive a beautiful Variety in the Persons and Tenses ? Take the same in English, and you will discover a total Want of it.

“ If you had loved me as well as I
 “ love you, I would have loved you
 “ better than any Person ; but would you
 “ have

“ have had me love you, when you did
 “ not at all love me ?”

Here you see nothing but *love* and *loved*
 all along, and this, I presume, explains
 what I mean.

The Climax is a noble and beautiful Figure, when managed without Affectation. We ascend from one Step to another, building, as it were, something on something laid down before, till we come to the great Point, at which we aim. I will give you two Instances, one on a ludicrous, the other on a solemn Subject. How excellently is the Tumult and Confusion increased in the Poem of the *Alley*, (which I sent you some Time since) from a Girl's Whimpering

pering to a Boy's roaring, Dogs barking,
 Vixens scolding, and Swine grunting!
 Again, How beautiful is the Gradation
 of Distress in *Congreve's Pastora*!

*No more the Nymphs shall with soft Tales
 delight,*

*Her Ears—no more with Dances please her sight;
 Nor ever more shall Swain make Song of Mirth,
 To bless the joyous Day, that gave her Birth:
 Lost is that Day, which had from her its Light,
 For ever lost with her, in endless Night;
 In endless Night, and Arms of Death she lies,
 Death in eternal Shades has shut Pastora's Eyes.*

This Figure, you may observe by the foregoing Example, is generally accompanied by Repetition. I will add one more Instance from the great *Tillotson*, not only to illustrate this Figure, (which indeed it does to an Excellency) but also
 for

for the Beauty, Justness, and Utility of the Observation.

“ After we have practised good Ac-
 “ tions a while, they become easy ; and
 “ when they are easy, we begin to take
 “ Pleasure in them, and when they please
 “ us, we do them frequently ; and by
 “ Frequency of Acts, a Thing grows
 “ into a Habit ; and a confirmed Habit
 “ is a second Kind of Nature ; and so
 “ far as any Thing is natural, so far it
 “ is necessary, and we can hardly do
 “ otherwise ; nay we do it many Times,
 “ when we do not think of it.”

You will observe that this great Master of Eloquence avoids repeating the same Word too literally, but uses a Sort of Variation, to give a greater Beauty to
 his

his Discourse, and to avoid seeming affected, to which Censure an exact Repetition would probably have exposed him.

The Omission of Copulatives adds much Grace to a Discourse, on some Occasions, particularly in Haste or Passion; for Instance, *Go—run—fly—be quick, &c.* and on others, great Beauty is derived from their being multiplied. The Quotation, I have already made from the Arch-Bishop, wherein the Word *and* is found no less than six Times, renders it unnecessary to seek further for an Example.

I may probably take another Opportunity to enlarge somewhat further on

these two opposite Figures. I hope to see you about Christmas.

J. P.

P. S. After finishing the above, my Dear, yours of Yesterday came to Hand, and is there answered. I thank God, I am very well, and drank your Health, your Mama's and Aunt's on the fourteenth, as you did mine. Your Letter gives me much Pleasure.

Encore, adios! ma chere.

LETTER CXIX.

Oxford, Nov. 27, 1743.

My dear,

AS you now understand a Metaphor, I shall say no more on that Head, but consider the Figures, which
are

are near a-kin to it. These are, Metonymy, Synecdoche, Hyperbole, Irony, Simile, Allegory, Fable, and Catachresis.

Before I proceed, let me transcribe a Passage out of *Blackwell's* new Introduction to the Classics, with a little Addition. You may get Acquaintance with this odd Family, through his Means, I dare say. He is intimate with them.

There is a general Analogy and Relationship between all Tropes; and in all of them we use a foreign or strange Word, instead of one that is proper. Hence we sometimes say one Thing, and mean another quite different; but this is not always the Case. These

Tropes, like other Relations in Life, are some nearer, some farther removed.

When we advance one Thing, and then say some other, which has a near Affinity to it, it is a Synecdoche.

When we say one Thing, and mean another mutually depending, it is a Metonymy.

When we say one Thing, and mean the very opposite, it is Irony.

When we say one Thing, and mean another like to it, it is a Metaphor.

A Metaphor long continued is an Allegory.

An

An Allegory turned into a Story is called a Fable, and in the Scripture-Language is a Parable.

When a Metaphor is carried into a great Degree of Boldness it is an Hyperbole; and when it is far-fetched, or carries some Impropriety in it, 'tis a Catachresis.

The Metaphor is the Source and Fountain of them all; and lies chiefly in Verbs;

Metonymy lies most in Nouns, and this is the best Distinction I can make between them.

To exemplify the latter, We call a wise Man a *Cato* or a *Solomon*; a strong Man, a *Hercules*; a handsome Youth,

an *Adonis*; a fine Woman, a *Venus*, or an *Angel*.

The Instance is preserved too between rational Creatures, and Brutes. A rude Fellow is termed a Bear, a bold Fellow, a Lyon. “Go, tell that *Fox*,” &c. says our *Saviour*, speaking of *Herod*, who was a cunning, supple, fawning Prince.

Again, between animate, and inanimate Beings; a fine Woman is a *Jewel*, a *Rose*, a *Lilly*. “Our God,” says the Prophet, “is a consuming *Fire*.” “I am the *Vine*,” declares our *Saviour*; and even names himself by Appellations of Qualities and Virtues, as well as by those of inanimate Beings—*viz.*—“I am the *Way*,” “the *Truth*,” “the *Life*.”
Rivers

Rivers are often named to imply the Country through which they pass, especially if they be the chief Rivers; as in a Line of *Prior*,

Her Warriors Anna sends from Tweed and Thames."

To use a Metonymy properly, we should start a new Thought; else it is to no Purpose; for why should we call any one a *Sir Francis Wronghead*, unless we design to paint him under that Character? If *Prior* had meant *Tweed* and *Thames* in a proper Sense, there would have been no Meaning in the Expression at all.

The Figure Synecdoche is defined by a Part being placed for the Whole,

as “*My dear Heart.*” The Romans said, *My dear Head! Honest Heart! Honest Breast! &c.* It is again seen, when the Containing is used for the Contained, as, *Drink this Glass—Eat of this Dish—The whole Theatre burst into Tears—Greece was in Confusion—Africa was in Arms—The Rhine and Danube made their Submissions to Cæsar.* Again, when Plurals are used for Singulars. As if a veteran Actor should say, *Your Quins and your Cibbers* were not comparable to the *Bettertons and Barrys* of the former Age.

This Figure is used both to extoll and depreciate, as you will easily discern. Great Judgment is required in the Management of this, and indeed of all.

Nothing

Nothing is more ridiculous than a Figure ill-placed.

There is a Passage in *Claudian* so excellent, that I must insert it. You will discover in it, the Metaphor, the Metonymy, the Synecdoche, and the Hyperbole. It loses a great Deal of its Beauty, to be sure, when stripped of the Original Language; where it runs thus—

—————*Maduerunt Saxone fuso
Orcaes; incaluit Pictorum Sanguine Thule;
Scotorum Cumulos flevit glacialis Ierne.*

This literally translated, is,

“ The *Orkneys* were drenched, the *Saxon*
“ being overthrown; *Thule* grew warm
“ with the Blood of the *Picts*, and the
“ icy River *Ierne* mourned, in Tears, the
“ Heaps of the *Scots*, that were slain.”

In my next, I shall go through the other Tropes, and shew you the Difference between what is called a Trope, and what a Figure. In the mean Time I leave it to you to find out where the Beauties of the above-cited Passage of *Claudian* lye.

Adieu !

J. P.

LETTER CXX.

Oxon, Dec. 4, 1743.

My dear Nancy,

I Have not heard from you since *Sunday* last, so not having any Thing to answer, I shall resume my Discourse, where I left off.

I shall

I shall not make any Mention of Irony, as you understand it sufficiently ; nor need I say much of Hyperbole. It is only an Exaggeration of Things beyond the Reality, to make a deeper Impression, or to give us a stronger Idea of what is meant to be conveyed to the Mind. We often run naturally into this, as indeed all Figures have their Source from our Passions and Sensibilities. How common is it to say, *sweeter than Honey, whiter than Snow*, when, in Truth, we mean no more than to say, *very sweet, and very white.*

An Hyperbole, like Irony, appears in the Shape of other Figures, sometimes in Similies, as, *like the Snow for Whiteness* ; and there are Degrees in the Hy-

perbole, as in the Simile ; for, speaking of any antient Custom, we often say, *as old as the Creation* ; and, when we would raise the Comparifon higher, we say, *older than the Creation*. This Figure is noble, when judiciously used, but when improperly, it is harfh, uncouth, and degenerates into a Catachrefis. There are fo many noble Hyperboles in *Homer* and *Virgil*, and particularly in the Holy Writings, that it is needlefs to quote them.

A bold Metaphor becomes an Hyperbole, a ftrong extravagant Hyperbole becomes a Catachrefis, and even in this there is fome Beauty, when introduced with Judgment.

A Me-

A Metaphor and Hyperbole are sometimes softened by a Comparifon; and there is a Manner of expreffing that Comparifon, whereby not only the two firft Figures, but even the third itfelf, is foftened; and this is fometimes neceffary to be contrived, to avoid Exprefions which otherwife would be too ftrong.

All thefe fhall be fpoken of in their due Places, but I fhall confine the Remainder of this Letter folely to the Hyperbole.

In the firft Place, an Hyperbole may be direct, as

The Giant's Head o'ertopp'd the Clouds;

and the Beauty of the Image prefented, and Manner of the Description, frequently
let

set off this Figure, and totally conceal the Extravagance of the Fancy. *Virgil* gives us an Example of this in the ninth Book of his *Æneid*, near the End. He tells us, *Camilla*

*Outstripp'd the Winds in Speed upon the Plain,
Flew o'er the Fields, nor hurt the bearded Grain;
She swept the Seas, and as she skimm'd along,
Her flying Feet, unbath'd on Billows hung.*

This Passage is very beautiful, as *Dryden* has rendered it, but it is ten Times more so in the Original. *Virgil* says,

“ She could have flown along the up-
“ permost Tops of a Field of Corn un-
“ cut, nor have hurt the tender Stalks
“ in her Course; or she could have taken
“ her Way through the Middle of the
“ Sea,

“ Sea, raised high with swelling Billows,
 “ nor so much as dipped the Soles of her
 “ swift Feet in them.”

This is a literal Translation ; but no Description can reach the Beauties of the Original. Observe the pleasing Metaphors of *flying* instead of *running fast* ; of *hurting* the Grain instead of *treading it down* ; and the Word which I have rendered *dipp'd*, is in the Latin *tingeret*, and conveys less than *dipping* ; it implies no more than *wetting* or *tincturing*.

An Hyperbole, in the next Place, may be indirect, as in a Comparison ; thus,

It seems as if the Cyclades again

Were rooted up, and jostled in the Main,

Or

*Or floating Mountains floating Mountains meet,
Such was the first Encounter of the Fleet.*

Æneid, Book viii. near the End.

When Hyperboles are very strong, the Subject or the Object at the instant, the Hurry, Heat, and Passion, ought not only to deserve, but even to require them.

I shall conclude this Letter with one Example from the Holy Scriptures, where the Boldness of the Figure, in my Opinion, exceeds every thing of that Kind, which can any where be found; and surely the Occasion not only requires, but commands it. I think it is the Prophet *Isaiah*, who, speaking of poor Mortals in Comparifon with the infinitely great and powerful God, fays,

“ We

“ We are as Nothing, yea less than
“ Nothing in thy Sight.”

Does not this strike us with a prodigious Idea of the infinite Disproportion between *God* and us ?

Though these Figures are easily understood, yet it requires much Nicety and Attention to discover how, when, and where they are to be applied, what Degree of Force or Abatement is to be used in the Application, and how they should be dressed out for the Purpose.

I am, my dear,

yours,

J. P.

L E T.

LETTER CXXI.

Oxon. Dec. 8, 1743.

Dear Nancy,

YOU observe very truly, that if the Word *as* were taken out from the Passages of the Canticles, which you quoted, they would be still more beautiful; and indeed it is not in the Original. You see the *as* is in Italick Characters, which is constantly used when Words, that were not in the Original, are added to make the Sense more intelligible, or to suit the warm Expressions of the Oriental Language to the Coldness of ours.

The

The Simile, or Comparifon, is a Figure eafily comprehended, but a fkilful Perfon alone knows how and when to ufe it. One general and unerring Caution belongs to this, as well as to the other Tropes a-kin to it; namely, that Bafenefs or Meannefs, Impropropriety, Loathfomenefs, Obfcenity, and Prophanenefs, are to be avoided. A low and unworthy Comparifon fhould never interfere with a grand Subject. *Homer* is blamed for this in many Inftances. I fhall mention only one; to wit, where he compares *Ajax* to an *Afs*. I refer you to what *Vida* had advanced in his Difavour, and *Pope* in his Defence. There is however great Propriety in the Comparifon, that lies in the Action or Behaviour of the one and the other, on the Occafions that *Homer* mentions, though

though not in the Person of *Ajax* and the *Afs* ; but even the Introduction of them any how in a Likeness together, or presenting the Idea of one with the other, seems to debase the Thing compared. *Virgil*, says *Vida*, would never have done this, and indeed we find him delicate in his Applications, and ever studiously cautious to avoid low and gross Comparisons.

There is a most disgusting Simile in one of *Pope's* Epistles, about *Westphalia* Hogs ; nothing but the Loathsomeness of the Vice he is decrying, and his Design of making it detestable, can excuse it.

Prophane Comparisons shock People of Virtue, as much as People of Breeding.

ing. I will give you one Instance, which I have many Times heard with Pain. When any one has talked or acted in an unintelligible or unaccountable Manner, I have heard a Pretender at Wit exclaim, “ Oh ! that’s like the Peace of *God*, it passeth all Understanding ;” alluding prophanely to the Benediction at the End of the Communion-Service. Words and Phrases, which have been sanctified and consecrated in an especial Manner to religious Purposes, ought not idly to be played with and scoffed at. Some Persons were so warm in the Revolution-Interest, that they called *King William* the *Saviour* of the Nation. It is true there was no actual Harm in this, but another Term might have been found, and with a better Grace, while we have so constant
and

and material an Idea devoted to the Word Saviour.

Pope has been blamed by some Persons for calling *Agamemnon, King of Kings*; that Appellation having been so solemnly consecrated to *God*, in the *Revelations*, and elsewhere in the Holy Writings.

We are not to expect a Comparison should hit in every Particular; it is enough if the Thing, to which we allude, agree with the Thing compared in the principal Point or Points, that we intend to illustrate.

A short Comparison is easily turned into a Metaphor; but where it runs into a Length of Circumstances, it is impossible

able to do it. For Example, when *Virgil*, in the twelfth Book of the *Æneid*, compares *Æneas* and *Turnus*, in the Heat of the Battle, to two Torrents rushing down a Precipice, and laying every thing waste before them ; and again, near the End of the Book, where he likens the same Heroes, *Turnus* flying, and *Æneas* pursuing, to a Deer and a Hound, the Particulars are so many, and the Illustration so extensively beautiful, that it would not be comprized within the Compass of a Metaphor.

Where the Metaphor would be too hard or obscure, then a Simile is necessary ; for Instance, it would have been uncouth in *Homer* to have called *Hector* a sudden Night, or a snowy Mountain ; in
the

the one Place therefore he says, “ he came
 “ on the Greeks *like* sudden Night,” which
 creates a strong Idea of Terror ; and in
 the other, “ *like* a snowy Mountain,” from
 his Figure being so conspicuous, and his
 shining Arms.

Let me here digress a Moment, and
 raise your Admiration, perhaps, your In-
 dignation. Some piddling Criticks, who,
 forsooth, would have a Comparison hit
 in every Particular, and look in the wrong
 Place for the Simile, have found Fault
 with the last I mentioned. “ What,”
 say they, “ does a snowy Mountain
 “ move ?” as if the Effence of the Simile
 consisted in the Motion. No, surely,
 the Beauty is only in the awful *Appear-*
ance of a Mountain covered with Snow,
 which

which *Hector* resembled when he moved along, towering in his Stature, and shining in his Arms.

As Comparisons need not be exact in every Particular, so sometimes a Poet of a sublime Genius will run his Description beyond the Comparison, when any singular Quality or Circumstance strikes upon his Fancy, though it has nothing to do with the Comparison itself, or the Matter that introduced it. Whether this is strictly allowable by the nice Rules of Criticism, I shall not determine; but surely it is very natural, and, in my Opinion, highly beautiful. The French call these Comparisons *à longue Queue*. Many of them are to be found in *Homer* and *Milton*. They are not so frequent in

Virgil, though I shall instance you one from him, because it is but short, and has been the Subject of much Altercation among the learned. It is in the first Book of the *Æneid*, and thus translated by *Dryden*,

*So on Eurota's * Banks, or Cynthus' Height,
Diana seems, and so she charms the Sight,
When in the Dance the graceful Goddess leads
The Choir of Nymphs, and over-tops their Heads;
Known by her Quiver and her lofty Mien,
She walks majestic, and she looks their Queen;
Latona sees her shine above the rest,
And feeds with secret Joy her silent Breast †.*

Trapp's

* Line 502. *Qualis ab Eurotæ Ripis, &c.*

† *Rowe*, in his Tragedy of *Ulysses*, describing *Penelope*, has imitated this Passage very closely.

*Diana thus on Cynthus' shady Top,
Or by Eurota's Stream, leads to the Chace*

Her

Trapp's Translation is more literal and nearer to the Words of *Virgil*, than *Dryden's*; well it might, you will say, in-as-much as he was not fettered to Rhyme.

*As on Eurota's Banks, or Cynthus' Top,
Diana leads her Train; a thousand Nymphs
Enclose her round, herself her Quiver bears
High on her Shoulder, and with stately Walk
O'ertops them all. A secret Pleasure slides
Along Latona's Breast.—Such Dido was.*

The Passage about *Latona* is, in the Original, literally thus,

Joys beat quite thro' Latona's silent Breast.*

*Her Virgin-Train; a thousand lovely Nymphs
Of Form celestial all, troop by her Side:
Amidst a thousand Nymphs the Goddess stands con-
fess'd,
In Beauty, Majesty, and Port divine,
Supreme, and eminent.—————Act I.*

* Line 506. *Latonæ tacitum pertentant Gaudia
Pectus.*

but there is no coming up to *Virgil* himself.

Now what I mean particularly to observe, is, the Circumstance of *Latona's* Joy. This has nothing to do with the Comparifon itfelf, and therefore fome Critics wifh it had been omitted. I am not one of their Number. I think it adds great Beauty to the Paffage. Is any thing more lovely than fuch a Reflection as this? Would it not immediately and almoft irrefiftibly ftrike a Poet of a noble Fancy? And is it not highly natural that a Parent fhould be in Transport at the Sight of a Child in fuch an *Attitude*, if I may fo exprefs myfelf? “The chief among ten thoufand,” as the Scripture

ture

ture terms it, and according to *Otway*,
(if I do not err)

Among ten thousand eminently known ?

Does not the Poet give us also a lovely Instance of Decorum, in describing the Parent modestly attempting to conceal her Transports of Joy, too delicate in her Feelings to exult openly ? How judicious a Writer was *Virgil* !

The Fancy and Judgment of a Poet is not more conspicuous in any Particular, than in a noble and apt Simile elegantly expressed ; for which Reason, I could wish you, my dear, to remark such carefully in all your reading, but more especially in these three great Poets, *Homer, Virgil, and Milton.*

I may possibly, some Time or other, shew you the vast Excellency of this Comparifon (juft quoted) in the Original, and how far it exceeds the Tranflation. I have little more to add at prefent, than to obferve, Comparifons may be varied, heightened, or moderated and tempered, by way of adapting them better to your Purpofe ; nor need a Poet be confined to *as, fo, or like* ; for you perceive *Virgil* fometimes fays, *have you, or have you not feen, &c. You would think, &c.* When he wifhes to foften a ftrong Comparifon, his Phrafe is, *you would be tempted to believe* ; when to ftrengthen one, *you would have fworn*, and fo on. I only give you Hints ; you can enlarge on them in your own Mind ; not that I mean to induce you to turn Poet ; but to underftand the
preli-

preliminary Rules by which Things ought to be done, is the Method of tasting them, when done, and the most certain Means of distinguishing the Beauties and Merits of one Author from another.

I fear I have sufficiently tired you, but it is worth your while to understand this Topic well. I shall be concise in my Definition of Allegory, Fable, and Catachresis, and then I have done with Tropes.

I am, my dear,

ever yours,

J. P.

LETTER CXXII.

Oxon. Dec. 18, 1743.

Dear Nancy,

I Shall now explain Allegory and Fable, and then give you Time to breathe awhile, for I fear I grow tiresome to you ; but it is your Good which I intend by my long Letters ; and Precepts, delivered in this Mode of Discourse between Friends, often make a deeper Impression, than what are to be found in Books, although they may be better explained there. Besides, there are several Things only cursorily explained by *Longinus*, and even by *Cicero* and *Quin-*

Quintilian, who have enlarged much more on these Heads. There are moreover, in the Course of what I write, several little Observations of my own, which if they do you but little Service, will do you as little Harm.

Allegory is said to be a String of Metaphors; but I think this Description defective; for unless that Series of Metaphors depends on some one particular Point, it is either a faulty Allegory, or, rather, no Allegory at all. To explain what I mean, I will quote a Passage from *Shakespeare's Hamlet*.

*Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
And, by opposing, end them.*

This has been much censured as a faulty Allegory, because the Writer flies from one Allusion to another, from *Slings* to *taking up of Arms*—against what?—*a Sea*—and then *opposing a Sea*, &c. Now if *Shakespeare* meant this for an Allegory, it is doubtless very faulty; but I verily believe that was not his Meaning. I am of Opinion that he only took the first strong Metaphor which came into his Head, to express himself forcibly and pathetically, and then another, and another, as the Subject rose upon them, but had no Idea of making them connected with, or dependent on each other. I will not venture to affirm I am right, but I am certain that one of the most judicious and correct Authors that ever wrote Comedy, does the self-same Thing; I mean

I mean *Terence*. He makes one of his Characters say,

“ I am *walled* about with so many
 “ and so great Difficulties, that I cannot
 “ *swim* out.”

This, you see, is liable to the very same Exception with the former, the Metaphor not being continued in the same Kind ; but I believe neither Author had even the most distant Notion of an Allegory.

In the Passion of *Biblis*, in *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, you have a perfect Allegory drawn from *Sea-faring*.

*I should have watch'd whence the black Storms
 might rise,*

Ere I had trusted the unfaithful Skies ;

*Now on the rolling Billows I am tost,
And with extended Sails on the blind Shelves am
lost.*

Here you see the Images are perfect and uniform. I will quote another from *Prior's Henry and Emma*, which is very beautiful;

*Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth Surface of a Summer's Sea;
While gentle Zephyrs play with prosp'rous Gales,
And Fortune's Favour fills the swelling Sails,
But would forsake the Ship and make for Shore,
When the Winds whistle, and the Tempests roar?*

Here also you find the Allegory finely pursued throughout; yet not so scrupulously, as not to depart a little from it in the fourth Line,

And

*And Fortune's Favour fills, &c. **

From Allegory there is an easy Transition to little proverbial Sayings, and to Fables, which are but Allegories worked up into a Story. Our *Saviour's* Parables are of this Kind, exactly in Character, and obvious to every Understanding.

* May I here be permitted to say that one of *Gay's* Songs, in his *Beggar's Opera*, contains as perfect an Allegory as can any where be found? The most minute Scrutiny can scarce mark a Deficiency.

*I'm like a Skiff on the Ocean tost,
Now high, now low, with each Billow borne,
With her Rudder broke, and her Anchor lost,
Deserted and all forlorn.*

But the poetical Beauties of the *Beggar's Opera* are too generally overlooked, either through an Attention to the Musical Part, or that the Piece itself is considered as merely ludicrous, rather than a Composition of exquisite Satire, Poetry, Wit, and Humour.

Æsop,

Æsop, it is true, takes the Liberty to make Birds and Beasts speak, but, barring that, he always adheres to Character. There ought to be a Moral couched in all Fables, or to no Purpose are they spoke or written.

Comparisons, proverbial Speeches, Parables and Fables, may be easily converted, the one into the other.

Sometimes the Moral is expressed, sometimes understood. By some Writers it is set in Front, as by *Fontaine*; by some, at the End, as by *Æsop*; and occasionally it is placed in the Middle of the Work.

Those moral Sentences which we find so frequently interspersed in *Homer*, *Virgil*,

gil, Milton, &c. before, in the Middle, or at the Close of some interesting Narration, are entirely in the Nature of Morals to a Fable.

I shall throw a little Illustration on these Points, particularly relative to proverbial Sentences and Phrases, and then release my dear Scholar.

We have a Proverb in *Scotland*,

“Cocks are free of Horse-Corn;”

meaning to imply that People are liberal or profuse of what belongs to another.

Again, we have,

“Use a Cat to the Churn, and she
“will call it Custom;”

signify-

signifying, if you accustom your Servants, or other Folks, to make frequent Use of what is yours, they will think, at last, that they have acquired a Right to it.

How easily now may these be changed into a Comparifon ! for Instance, “ As a “ Cat that has been allowed,” &c.—“ As “ a Cock, that fits in a Manger,” &c. —or into a Fable, as, “ A Widow had “ a favourite Cat, whom ſhe indulged” and ſo on. Theſe ſimple Examples clearly ſhew how cloſely the Figures are allied.

A Fable or Story may be either true or falſe, it matters not which, ſo that a Moral accompanies it, and flows naturally from it.

Here

Here follows a Quotation from *Spenser*, where a Fable, Comparifon, and Moral, are finely wrought up together.

*As when a weary Traveller, that strays
By muddy Shore of broad fev'n-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the per'lous wand'ring Ways,
Doth meet a cruel, crafty Crocodile,
Which, in false Grief hiding his harmful Guile,
Doth weep full fore, and sheddeth tender Tears,
The foolish Man, that pities, all this while,
His mournful Plight, is swallow'd anawares,
Forgetful of his own, who minds another's Cares.*

In the foregoing Part of this Letter, I obferved that *Æfop*, though he makes his feigned Perfons, that is, his Birds and Beafts, converse and reason, yet he always preserves Character. One Minute's Patience more, while I illustrate this. His firft Fable affords me the Means.

“ A Dog,

“ A Dog, with a Piece of Meat in
 “ his Mouth, looking into a Pool of
 “ Water, imagines he there sees another
 “ Dog, with a Piece of Meat in his
 “ Mouth; he snatches at that, and
 “ thereby loses his own.”

This is all very natural to a Dog,
 and a plain Moral is to be deduced;
 namely, that we give up Certainty for
 Hope, when we greedily grasp at having
 too much.

The Reverse of this Rule of preserving
 Character is *Dryden's* Fable of the *Hind*
 and *Panther*. He has wholly departed
 from it. His *Hind* and *Panther* set
 forth at first in Kind, I allow; but in
 the Sequel, he makes them reason and
 dispute

dispute about Fathers and Councils, the Church, and the *Pope*, School-Divinity, Infallibility, and the Lord knows what. He then introduces a whole Flock of Birds, and characterizes them all as Men. The *Buzzard* was the famous Dr. *Burnet*, who was Bishop of *Salisbury*.

Dryden has been justly censured for this Inconsistency ; for say the Critics, in Support of their Accusation, “ Suppose a Colonel of Horse had thrown
“ up his Regiment in foolish Hope of
“ getting a higher Command, and was
“ disappointed,” *Æsop’s* Fable might aptly be applied to him ; but it would be absurd to say, “ The Dog seeing
“ another Dog in the Water, with a
“ Piece of Meat in his Mouth, dropped
“ the

“ the Piece in his own Mouth, and
 “ snatched at the other, and so lost his
 “ *Regiment of Horse.*” This were to
 confound the Allusion with the Story
 alluded to, the Moral with the Fable.

I question whether I need trouble
 you with the Catachresis or no ; however
 I will be brief.

Catachresis is the Abuse or over-strain-
 ing a Figure. One Species of it is, when,
 through the Want of proper, we use im-
 proper Terms; for Example, a *Glass-*
Inkhorn, or a *Silver Smoothing-Iron*. Par-
 ricide is properly the Murderer of one's
 Father, but in Default of better Powers
 of Expression, we apply the Name to
 one who has murdered, either his Mo-
 ther,

ther, Brother or Sister. *Longinus* censures some Writer for calling a Hillock a *Wart*. *Quintilian* has given many Instances of this, and even from *Virgil*; some of them very beautiful; but when the Image is beautiful, I think it can not with Propriety be called a Catachresis. *Blackwell* pronounces the following Passage from *Milton* to be such;

*Down thither prone in Flight
He speeds, and thro' the vast ætherial Sky
Sails between Worlds and Worlds.*

This is when he describes the Descent from Heaven of the Arch-Angel, *Raphael*. I am not of his Opinion; the Idea is supremely sublime, but not overstrained.

Statius, describing a general Silence and Quiet, says,

The

310 GENUINE LETTERS.

*The weary Mountains nodded their Heads;
And the Seas rested or slept, leaning against the
Shore.*

I forgot to mention the 29th Ode of *Horace*, in his 3d Book; it is finely imitated by *Dryden*; there he begins with Fortune as a Goddess, then allegorizes her into a Bird, and lastly runs into another long Allegory of sailing in a Storm.

The next Time I write, I shall shew the Difference between Tropes and Figures, and then, in Compassion to your wondrous Patience, quit the Subject.

Bless you, my dear Nancy!

I am ever yours

J. P.

L E T-

LETTER CXXIII.

Oxon, Dec. 19, 1743.

Dear Nancy,

ONE Thing I advanced was, that in *Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Milton, &c.* the Moral is often placed in the Middle of the Story. Such Insertions are called Sentences, or short moral Reflections.

When *Turnus* kills *Pallas*, in the tenth Book of the *Æneid*, and is exulting in the Victory he has obtained, the Poet, in the very Heart of his Story, breaks forth into this Reflection.

*Dark to Futurity, and blind to Fate,
Are mortal Minds, indocile to observe
Due Measure, when elated with Success."*

Dr. Trapp.

In

In the Beginning of the twelfth Book of the *Iliad*, *Homer* tells us in one Line, “The Grecian Wall was built without Sacrifices to the Gods ;” in the next Line, he says, “Without the good Will of the Gods ;” and immediately thereon adds,

*Without the Gods how short a Period stands,
The proudest Monument of mortal Hands !*

The Meaning here is exactly the same with that in Psalm cxxvii. 1.

“Except the Lord build the House,
“they but labour in vain who build it.”

Where, by the Way, you may remark the strong and figurative Turn of the Eastern Language ; we should, probably, phrase it, “Without God’s Assistance,” but they more emphatically call it “God’s own Doing.”

There

is a short, but noble, Reflection in the Story of *Calisto* in *Ovid's* *Metamorphoses*. *Calisto*, before she was dishonoured by *Jupiter*, was always at the Side of *Diana*, but, after that disgraceful Event, she declined the Freedom, and lagged behind her; whereon the Poet exclaims,

How in the Look does conscious Guilt appear!

Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the Rear,

Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the Goddess ran,

As once she us'd, the Foremost of the Train;

Her Looks were flush'd, &c.

Addison.

Having illustrated this Point, as far I think necessary, I am tempted, from the foregoing Quotation, to make a short Digression. A most excellent Lesson, my dear Nancy, may fairly be deduced from the Story of *Calisto*; no doubt, the Author meant it.

Thus then it stands. An artful, practiced, general Lover (such was *Jove's* Character) can assume any, and every Appearance to effect his Purpose; the more contradictory to what he really is, the better his Fraud is concealed. *Jove* assumes the Appearance even of *Diana*, by which the Poet means, that the Lover may wear the Mask of the most delicate Chastity, till he finds an Opportunity to throw it off, and resume the *Jove*. How this is to be guarded against, is also nicely insinuated by *Ovid*. He seems to say,

“ Never suffer yourself to listen to the
 “ specious Discourses of that Lover, who
 “ wishes to separate you from the Virgin
 “ Throng, in whose Company you are
 “ safe, or from your Protectress, the
 “ real *Diana*, and lead you to private
 “ Walks

“Walks and secret Groves,” as the Author phrases it. The poor *Calisto*, you see, meant no Ill, but she had thrown herself *out of Protection*. The more plausible and specious a Lover appears, the more dangerous he really is. Every virtuous Woman shudders at a professed Libertine; but you remember the Moral to the *Chaperon rouge*, my dear Nancy, which you translated at seven Years old,

*Helas ! qui ne sçait que ces Loups doucereux
De tous les Loups sont les plus dangereux !*

and there is really but one Test to be made of this *human Wolf*; namely, will he suffer his Address to be made known to your tried and natural Friends, your Parents, or Guardians? If he declines this, and wishes it to be kept se-

cret, then take Heed, “The Wolf, the
“Wolf’s at Hand.”

I now proceed to give you, as far as
I am able, the Difference between Tropes
and Figures.

In the first Place, you are to know
that both are occasionally called Figures;
and *Quintilian* himself confesses, that the
Distinction is very often hard to be ascer-
tained; for some figurative Expressions
may belong either to Synecdoche, which
is a Trope, or Polypote, which is a
Figure. The best Distinction then, that
I can draw, is this; Trope is a Turn-
ing of the proper Sense of the Word
into a borrowed, or improper Sense.
For Example, *I swell with Rage, or Pride.*

A Figure

A *Figure* is an extraordinary Expression ; it consists in the Point, Arrangement, Repetition, or Disposition of Words in a Manner not common.

Trope comes from a Greek Word, which signifies a Turning or Changing, and is only applied where the *Sense* is turned. When the Turn is in the *Words*, we call it *Figure* ; though the Word *Trope* would be as proper to imply *Figure*, but Custom has made it thus ; and that is sufficient for our Purpose.

The Tropes are principally what we have been discoursing about, and are chiefly Metaphor, Metonymy, Synecdoche, Irony, Hyperbole, Allegory, Comparifon, Sentences or short Morals,

Fable or Parable, and Catachresis. These are most necessary to be studied.

Adieu !

Yours very truly,

J. P.

LETTER CXXIV.

My dear Nancy,

I Arrived here yesterday was a Week, the Day I proposed, in tolerable Health and Spirits.

I commend you prodigiously, my dear Nancy, for your Anxiety to serve your young Friend. I will assist you to the best of my Ability. I enclose two Letters,

ters, which I hope will be of Use, one to Mr. F—, the other to Mrs. K—th. I would have your Friend convey the first, but would request you to deliver the latter yourself. Your speaking to the Point, will, I think, support my Recommendation much, beside that I wish you to be better acquainted with Mrs. K—th. She is a kind-hearted Woman, but very resentful, if she conceives herself to be slighted. Such Extremes are quite in Nature. Our Anger or Indignation at the cooling Friendship of another, rises in Proportion to the Warmth of our own.

I am not very sorry for the Brevity of your Letter of the 21st, but for the Cause of it, and readily acquit you from

fuller Writing, till your Mama is better. I will, in the mean Time, write often, not only with a Purpose to amuse, but to improve and serve you the best I can, with a sincere View to your Happiness both here and hereafter. Those who have an Eye only to the first, without considering and regarding the latter, will, as *Tillotson* says, find themselves miserably mistaken, and be, as he well terms them, but *witty Fools* at best.

I wish your Mama better.

Adieu, ma très chere Nannette !

Oxon.

J. P.

April 23, 1744.

*St. George is for England, St. Dennis for
France,*

Sing Honi soit qui Mal y pense.

L E T-

LETTER CXXV.

Oxford, April 30, 1744.

My dear Nancy,

I Have the Pleasure of yours of the 28th, and heartily congratulate you on your Mama being somewhat better. Do not remit your Attention to her, to oblige me. Till she is further advanced in her Recovery, I desire only a Line to tell me how you both go on, and whether your young Friend has been successful in her Application. The Want of a Situation and Protection, at such an early Time of Life, naturally claims our Compassion and Assistance; but I am still

P 5

further.

further concerned, and anxious for a happy Result in this Business, because I am so entirely pleased to see your Readiness to interest yourself in another's Welfare ; and it would grieve me, were this first Effort of a kind Disposition damped or disappointed.

I have not had Time, since my Arrival, to apply to Authors ; but if I had, I believe I should forbear to enter upon them minutely, till you are at Liberty to take Part in them.

I hope the young Lady you mention will not suffer that Inattention to her Mother to grow upon her. She should recall herself betimes, or Inattention will too soon become total Negligence, and
Disobe-

Disobedience succeed to both.. Let her then beware. I never, through Life, saw any Failure in Duty more certainly and constantly meet with a Punishment, than Undutifulness to Parents..

J. P.

LETTER CXXVI.

Oxon. May 6, 1744.

My Dear,

I Received yours, and thank you for it. I do not expect or desire more than such a short Intelligence, while your Mama continues so ill.. You are right not to neglect her in any Point; you owe her more than ever you can repay..

P 6

I have

I have been reviewing some of your Letters to-day, and am thence induced to advance a Trifle on this Kind of Correspondence, and the Style necessary for it. Persevere, my dear, in that simple Manner of writing, which you seem to inherit from Nature. Epistolary Correspondence should be as easy as Conversation. Do not suffer an Intimacy with sublime Authors to tempt you out of this plain, humble Manner of expressing yourself. You are an Exception to a very general Rule. It is too much the Custom of young Folks, when once they have dipped into Books, to endeavour at high-flown Language in their Writing. Nothing is so absurd; allowing they express themselves ever so properly, the Expressions are misplaced. They have

no

no Business in a Letter, where every thing should be plain, easy, and concise.

Figure, above all Things, should be avoided in these familiar Discourses. I have known a Novice in Reading and Writing misled by a Simile, so as not to know the Point he first advanced, and another so envelope himself in a Metaphor, as not to be able to find the Way out.

All Errors of this Kind you will be sure to avoid, if you persevere in your own Way. The more you adhere to Simplicity, the nearer you approach to Elegance.

I am, my dear,

ever yours,

J. P.

P.S. I am

P. S. I am going from this Place on Business, which I believe will detain me a Fortnight; so do not wonder if you do not hear from me in that Time; but what you write will be punctually conveyed to me.

Encore, adieu!

LETTER CXXVII.

Oxon. May 21, 1744.

My Dear,

I Returned last Night. I had yours of the 12th, 16th, and 19th very safe, and am heartily glad your Mother is better

better. I make no Doubt but you discharged your Duty to her.

I here enclose a Letter for Mr. *Mil-*
lan, whose Shop is near *Old Man's Coffee-*
House, between *Charing-Cross* and
White-Hall. It is an Order to deliver you
Spenser, and any Author beside, that you
may fancy, when you are there.

I expect to hear from you more frequently now, as you will have more Time. There are several Portions both of the Holy Scriptures, and the Apocrypha, that I recommended long ago to your Perusal, and which you promised to read attentively. Have you done so? You do not mention them. They are of more intrinsic Value, towards your
present

present Welfare and future Happiness, than all the other Books, I know, put together, and will be ever deemed so by Persons of solid Sense. I will mention one or two Passages, which I have reflected on a thousand Times; and it will be well for you to carry them much in your Mind, for they will never fail. God says,

“Him that honoureth me will I honour, and whoever despiseth me shall be lightly esteemed.”

The next Passage is in the first Book of Samuel, Chap. xvi. Verse 7.

“For the Lord seeth not as Man seeth; for Man looketh on the outward
“ward

“ward Appearance, but the Lord look-
“eth on the Heart.”

I am, my dear Nancy,

yours,

J. P.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Oxon. June 4, 1744.

My dear Nancy,

SInce my last, I have read the chief
of *Moliere's* Plays; some of them
are indeed but *petites Pieces*.

This Week I design to examine *Le*
Medecin malgré lui, *Amphitryon*, *Le Mi-*
santrope, and *L'Avare*. I propose to
read

read the two last with great Care, as they are reputed two of his finest Plays. *L'Ecole des Femmes* is my great Favourite, and, for a petite Piece, *Les precieuse Ridicules*. I like the *Femmes Scavantes* mightily.

Le Malade Imaginaire, was *Moliere's* last Play, and thought by some Critics to be the best he ever wrote. I think, at least, there is more Instruction and Diversion mingled together in this, than in many of his Pieces. The *Misanthrope*, perhaps, is the most masterly, but it does not create so much Mirth as some others, and the Characters and Sentiments require great Attention.

I will

I will now set down the Plays which I have read, and which you are not acquainted with. *George Dandin, Tartuffe, Monsieur Pourceaugnac, Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, Les Fourberies de Scapin, Les Femmes Sçavantes, Le Malade Imaginaire.* You will find the first, third, fourth, and fifth, very entertaining, *fort enjouées*, as the French say. The second, sixth, and seventh, are very instructing, and will likewise give you great Pleasure, especially the two last.

Moliere's four great Plays, in my Opinion, are *Le Misanthrope, L'Avare, Le Malade Imaginaire, and L'Ecole des Femmes.* I think the Character of *Agnes*, in *L'Ecole des Femmes*, and that of *Alceste*, in the *Misanthrope*, the two finest he ever drew.

The

The next in Degree is *Arnolphe* in *L'Ecole des Femmes*. The two Brothers, *Ariste* and *Sganarelle*, in *L'Ecole des Maris*, *Madame Pernelle* in *Tartuffe*, the two *precieuses Ridicules*, *Sofie* in *Amphitryon*, *Harpagon* and the *Commissaire* in *L'Avare*, are all finely drawn ; not but there are many others well executed, but these strike me most, and must have cost him great Pains to paint, as their Excellence consists not only in their being truly just and natural, but they are withal nicely and highly finished.

Some of his Pieces are of the Opera-Kind, especially *L'Isle D'Amour*, and *Princesse d'Elide*, *Psyche*, and *Melicerte*, which last is a pastoral heroic Comedy.

These

These which you have read are the best, excepting only *Le Malade Imaginaire*. The *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, and *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, will divert you much; *George Dandin*, *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, and *La Comtesse D'Escarbagnas*, will likewise give you some Pleasure. All which I have now gone through I did read formerly, except the *Comtesse D'Escarbagnas*. She is a filly, vain, affected Woman of Quality, who had been once in her Life at *Paris*, for about two Months, which runs mightily in her Head. She has some Resemblance of Lady *Plyant*, but, in my Opinion, is not so well drawn.

I am, my dear Nancy,

yours,

J. P.

P. S. I write

334 GENUINE LETTERS.

P. S. I write down such particular Phrases as I think worth remarking. I hope you do the same; it will much increase your Knowledge of the Language.

LETTER CXXIX.

Oxon. June 8, 1744.

My dear Nancy,

I Have the Pleasure of yours of the 5th of this Month. Our Opinions of *Moliere*, I see, are pretty nearly alike, and I am not displeased to see it.

There is a Poem of *Moliere* in Commendation of *Mignard's* Painting in a Church

Church at *Paris*. It is called *La Gloire du Dome du Val de Grace*, but this I have not yet read.

This Week I have gone through *L'Etourdi*, *Don Juan*, *Le Depit amoureux*, *Les Amans Magnifiques*, and *L'Ombre de Moliere*. *L'Etourdi* is the first Play he wrote. The chief Entertainment of this Piece consists in the Address and Contrivance of the Servant being perpetually overturned by the Blunders of his Master. Though the latter promises again and again not to meddle in the Schemes of the former, yet his Vanity and Self-Sufficiency still prompt him to interfere anew, and ruin the whole. We see, in the Servant, that a Pride to have his Plots succeed induces him to be constant to his

Master,

Master, rather than his Love and Fidelity ; and, at the last, the Scheme succeeds more by good Luck, than any other Circumstance. All this is very judiciously hit off by the Author ; but to make the Servant talk to his Master in the most sarcastical Strain, and ever and anon call him Beast and Fool, is beyond all Bounds of Propriety and Decorum.

Don Juan is dreadfully destroyed by Thunder and Lightning, and the Earth swallows him, which Fate is, in a Manner, foretold to him by an Apparition. Nothing can end more tragically, yet *Moliere* calls it a Comedy. *Juan's* Character is horridly fine, and consistent throughout ; *bien soutenu*, as the French express it. He is brave, fierce, excessively

sively passionate, not devoid of Sense or Wit, but a most abandoned Wretch. The Moral of the Play is good, and there are some very diverting Scenes; particularly one with a Merchant, who comes to dun *Juan* for Money; whence Mr. *Congreve*, I surmise, took the Hint of the Scene, to the same Effect, between *Valentine* and *Trapland*.

The Sentiments and Dialogue of the *Depit amoureux* are good; the Character of Women given by *Gros-renè* to his Master, is very entertaining; and though there is no Excess of Wit or Humour in the Piece, yet it is the best-conducted Plot in all *Moliere*. The Manner whereby he winds all his Personages out of their Difficulties engages the Attention won-

derfully, and conveys a Pleasure rather from the Result of the whole, than from Particulars. I would therefore, my Dear, have you read it with great Attention.

There is no great Matter in the *Amans Magnifiques*, yet it is entertaining; but the Interlude after the second Act, a sort of little pastoral Drama, is, I think, one of the finest Things I ever saw, in that Way. It is simple, natural, and perfectly suited to the pastoral Character. The Song of *Tircis*, which is called the first Scene, and that of *Caliste*, which is the third, are tender and natural beyond Expression, and the rest entirely accord with them.

Le Malade Imaginaire is admirably fine; but herein *Moliere* has been much blamed for attacking *Phyfic* as an Art. In his other Plays, say they, he attacks Quackery, and the Abuse of that Art; but here he attacks *Phyfic* itself, and represents the very Science as an Imposition on Mankind. I am afraid there is something of this too true, in the Conversation between the Miser and his Brother.

L'Ombre du Moliere is a *petite Piece*. It was written by one *Brecourt*, who was an Actor under *Moliere*. The Plan is this—The Ghosts of many of those Personages, whom *Moliere* had turned into Ridicule, come to *Pluto*, in the other World, to complain of him. The whole

Q² is

is pretty well executed, in particular the Character of the *Doctor*; but I cannot, by any Means, perceive a Reason for introducing the Ghost of *Nicolle* in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

Adios, ma chere Nannette!

J. P.

LETTER CXXX.

Oxon. June 28, 1744.

I Have now read *Moliere's Plaisirs de L'Isle Enchantée*, with the *Princesse d'Elide*, which is a Part of it. It costs a World of Pains to read it through, and it is of that Species, which gives more
Pleasure

Pleasure by being considered all together, than in its particular Parts. There is something remarkably fine and natural in the Character and Behaviour of the *Prince d'Hague*, and the *Princesse d'Elide*, and proves the Author well understood Humankind. But I shall not enter into it minutely, that I may not forestall your Pleasure. It will cost you some Pains in reading, but is worth them all, only to consider those two Characters thoroughly. They are not only perfectly well drawn, but withal very instructive. I think the Character of *Moron* rather unnatural. It is both in Verse and Prose, and there is something in each, not to be found in the other, which deserves well to be read; it will therefore cost you a double Application. If you

will mark down Phrases and Words, which are new to you, you will find the Advantage of it. When you have examined these very carefully, we will discourse on the particular Beauties.

Since I left *Moliere*, I have applied myself again to *Horace*. I have gone through all his Satires, Epistles, Art of Poetry, the two first Books of his Odes, and half of the third. It is much to be lamented, that this inimitable Author is not well translated. I do not know where there are more excellent Instructions for the Conduct of human Life. At present, I shall only recommend to your Perusal the second and eighteenth Epistles in the first Book, and the tenth Satire, in the second Book. Howbeit in any Trans-

lation

lation, they must fall infinitely short of the poetical Beauty of the Original, yet the good Sense contained in them will shine through any Disguise.

J. P.

LETTER CXXXI.

Oxon, July 13, 1744.

YOU desire my Opinion of *Moliere*. One general Complaint is, that he mixes too much Farce with his Plays. I own, I think so too. *Boileau* has noticed *Geronte* in the Sack in the *Fourberies of Scapin*. The *Bourgeois Gentlehomme* ends in a mere Farce and a most extravagant one too. The Dispute be-

Q 4

tween

tween the two Servants about letting in their Master, is quite a Farce; so is *Toinette's* acting the Part of the *Doctor* in the *Malade Imaginaire*; nor can I perceive why it is introduced. There are many more Instances of this Kind in his Plays. Those who defend him say he was compelled to this by the Humour of the Time; that he had to please the Town, as well as the *Sçavants*, the People of Taste and the Court; and that the Success of his Pieces depended on the first Set of Hearers, as well as the others. In Truth, I think this no bad Defence, and, it must be allowed, that these Scenes would, in a Farce, be very entertaining.

Some

Some say his Language is not perfectly pure. I will not pretend to decide in that, but the different Characters he brings in ought to be considered; for Example, in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, when he introduces a *Gasconne*, and a *Picarde*, should he not make them speak the *Patois* of their respective Countries? Moreover as many of his Plays are not only in Verse, but in Rhyme, this might be a Constraint, and oblige him often to use uncouth and obsolete Words.

The greatest Objection to *Moliere* is still behind; and that is, that there is sometimes a sort of Deficiency in the *Denouement* of his Plot. This Objection was made by the great *Monfieur Le Clerc*;

and I think this is not only true respecting the unravelling of the Story, but, in several of his Plays, I think his Plot is not conducted with all the Address in the World, and that it is even too loosely put together. *Congreve's* Plots are admirably conducted, and if they have any Fault, it is, that they are so closely woven, that, unless we consider them very narrowly, the Contexture will escape us ; but then they add great Beauty and Grace to the Piece, when unfolded and brought in View. This is particularly evinced in his *Way of the World*, where every thing is judiciously linked together, and each Incident arises naturally out of the other. In my next, I shall send my Thoughts on *Moliere's* Beauties, which greatly exceed his Faults.

My

My humble Service to your Mama and
Aunt, et restez bien assurée que je suis
fort de vos Amis..

J. P.

LETTER CXXXII.

Oxon. July 19, 1744.

My dear Nancy,

I AM favoured with yours of the 18th
instant, and shall answer the latter
Part of it first..

Those People, whose Description you
have noted, are the antient *Belgians*, and
their Neighbourhood, which contains

Holland, Flanders, and the rest of the Low Countries, the Archbishoprick of Triers, Liege, Juliers, Cleve, and Berg. You will understand such Descriptions better, if you will apply to a Map of *Europe*. Beside that it is useful to point out the Situation of Places, it will make your reading more pleasant. By these Means you will see how our Armies abroad lie, what Way they march, what Towns are besieged and taken. When we hear News, or read History, and have no Knowledge of the Situation of Towns, Countries, Rivers, Seas, &c. we receive little Pleasure, and less Instruction, from what we hear and read.

It is reported that Elephants never lie down to sleep, on Account of the Stiffness
of

of their Joints, which makes them unable to rise ; therefore, when they are inclined to sleep, they lean against a Tree. The Indians, in order to catch them, saw the Tree half afunder, or more, which giving Way, the Beast falls. This, perhaps, is fabulous, for they have much better Methods to catch them ; but the Story may serve well enough to build a Simile upon.

I think the Simile of Night exceeding fine, but defective ; you should consider, it is not Night only, but Silence also that he is describing. *Virgil* takes in the Winds and Waves, the silent March of the Stars ;

*The Winds no longer whisper thro' the Woods,
Nor murm'ring Tides disturb the gentle Floods,
The*

*The Stars in silent Order march'd around,
And Peace, with downy Wings, was brooding
on the Ground.*

This is Part of the Description only, and infinitely short of the Original; it is in the fourth Book of the *Æneid*. The last of these Lines contains, in the Original, but four Words, and literally translated, signifies, “ When every Field held its Tongue.” What *Dryden* calls

To haunt the Woods, or swim the weedy Pool;

is in *Kirgil*, “ which inhabit the Coun-
try, that is rough with Shrubs and
Bushes, and the wide-extended liquid
Lakes.”

Virgil

Virgil gives us none but beautiful Ideas. Why does *Tasso* present us with the *Serpent's Hiss*, and *Dragon's Cry*? I own they are natural, but they are also frightful, and, as *Shakespeare* says, they make *Night hideous*.

Virgil makes every thing to be at Rest, but *Dido*. It was for her Sake the Description was brought in; and the Excess of her Passion and Distress is vastly heightened by the beautiful Picture of every thing being at Rest, except herself.

Tasso makes all at Rest, but the Music of the Spheres. This is injudicious. What has the Music of the Spheres to do here? It is an old, idle Fancy; besides,

fides, as *Hudibras* says, We hear it not ; why then was it excepted ? or how can a Noise, which is not heard, lull the World to Rest ? I give you this as a Specimen of the superior Judgment of *Virgil*, and the Beauty that arises therefrom ; notwithstanding I allow, that *Tasso's* Description, with these Abate-ments, has its Merit. If you would read *Bossu* carefully, especially his Contrast of *Virgil* and *Statius*, you would see how natural and judicious the former is, and how much the latter falls short of him.

J. P.

L E T-

LETTER CXXXIII.

Oxon. July 21, 1744.

Dear Nancy,

YOU ask my Advice in many Points, wherein I think you are able perfectly to direct yourself. Your Conduct, in general, is very satisfactory to me, and I believe, to your Mama ; however, to the best of my Ability, I will comply with your Request, and it will be no Burthen to have two or three spare Rules by you.

In one Part of your Letter, you desire a Plan to live by. I never could live
by

by a Plan myself, consequently am unfit to lay down one to you ; and I love my own Liberty too well, to abridge that of other People.

I believe one very general Error in young Folks is a too great Readiness to make Acquaintance. This ought to be most warily guarded against. Much of our Happiness, Reputation, and Welfare, depends upon the Choice of Intimates.

A proper Division of Time is another very material Point. I am as much a Friend to innocent Recreations, as to Business. The only Nicety is to steer between too close an Application to the latter, and an Excess in the former. Your little Neighbour, Miss D—, will
live

live to repent her ill Custom of sitting up late at Night, and loitering a-bed in the Morning. Few Things are more prejudicial to Business, Reputation and Health. A thousand Inconveniencies are entailed, which are not dreamed of at first. She might break herself of it easily now, and may find it very hard some Years hence. I once loved it as well as she does, yet I got over it, and now rise every Day between six and seven.

A proper Division of Time preserves us from being hurried at one Time, and made languid and weary at another; it gives a Gout to Diversion, and makes Business fit light and easy.

A proper

A proper Choice of Companions, at your early Time of Life chiefly, is of the utmost Consequence. There is great Truth in the old Proverb, "A Man is
 "esteemed according to the Company
 "he keeps;" for such as our Company is, such, in great Measure, shall we ourselves be. We fall insensibly, and almost unavoidably, into the Manners, Air, Sentiments, and Turn of those Persons, with whom we converse much, especially in our early Years, so that young People cannot be too much on their Guard in this Particular. Our Reputation is also affected by the Company we keep. Is there any thing oftner heard than this, and when nothing else perhaps can be alledged, "Ay, such a young Man, or
 "such a Girl, is very good, but too
 "much

“ much in fuch or fuch-a-one’s Com-
 “ pany ?” Our Affociates therefore
 fhould be as good and as wife as may
 be found, at leaft, in our own Opi-
 nion, and the higher Credit and Re-
 putation they are in, the better ftill
 for us.

I am far from dictating or prefcribing
 rigidly. I would not have a Perfon
 tied down to a formal Method, to move
 like a Puppet upon Wires. I am
 very fenfible that Diverfion and Com-
 pany are almoft as neceffary as Meat,
 Drink, or Sleep ; but I dare fay you
 will agree with me that there are cer-
 tain Measures, Proportions, and Diftri-
 butions, in all Sorts of Recreation, as
 well

well as Business, which we ought seldom
to exceed.

I am, my dear Nancy,
your most affectionate
Friend and Servant,
J. P.

LETTER CXXXV.

Oxon. July 22, 1744.

My Dear,

AS I begin to have but few Franks,
I must put two or three Letters
into one.

I am ready to answer your Questions
about dividing your Time aright, and
to

to give you the best Directions I can on that Point. It is of the greatest Moment to Happiness. Your desiring Information on this Head pleases me much, though, as I said before, I think you do not stand in need of it; however, I will express myself as if you did, that I may give my Meaning more clear, and to the Purpose.

I cannot enter minutely into Particulars; those must occur to yourself, as Circumstances, Times, and Occasions fall out; I shall only observe some general Things, and explain and illustrate them to you in the best Manner I can.

First then, in order to employ Time well, to lay it out to Purpose, and in
 due

due Proportions, it must be supposed that you have Time in your Possession. The Question then is, how to purchase a sufficient Quantum, or Measure of Time. This is not so hard for you, now, at least, as for many People, whose Time belongs to others, not to themselves ; who perhaps are Masters or Mistresses of Families, who have Ware-Houses, or Shops to look after, or some other Charge, that requires great Portions of their Time. Be that as it may, a certain Stock of Time is necessary for Business, for Improvement, and for all the necessary Functions of Life ; Eating, Drinking, Sleeping, and even Recreation and Diversion ; for these are necessary too ; but always in Order to qualify us for

for some better and more important Purposes ; and are to be used as Means to attain some End we aim at, and not as the Things themselves.

How then are we to purchase this *Stock of Time* ? Without this by us, our Time, however judiciously distributed, will not answer. For Example, if I have but a Crown to go to Market with, and must necessarily have Things to the Value of a Guinea, let me lay out my Money ever so prudently, it will not serve my Purpose. Herein is evinced the vast Necessity of purchasing as great a Fund of Time, as we can.

To this Purpose I know no one particular Thing so conducive, as rising early.

We then have the whole Day before us, can dress in Time, breakfast in Time, go abroad or stay at Home, as Affairs demand; if the former, we are sure of meeting People at the ordinary Hours of Meals, Business, or Diversion; beside, the Mind is more fresh, active, and strong to apply to Study, or any other Employment that requires us.

“An Hour in the Morning is worth three in the Afternoon,” is a common Proverb, and I never knew a truer. The Light, Heat, and Air of the Day is much more healthy and chearful than the cold dark Damps, and Inconveniency of the Night. The brute Creation teaches us this. The dumb Creatures retire early to Rest, and get up betimes, to busy them-

themselves in Quest of Food, or in bringing forth, or bringing up their Young, or in providing for the Winter. Nature instructs them that the Light and Warmth of the Sun makes that the Time of Business; but if we will sit up in the Dead, and Damps, and Darknefs of the Night, exposed to the Vapours of that unwholesome Season, we must lie late, and thereby lose a great Part of the proper Time for Business or Study; we must breakfast when others dine, dine when others sup, and sup when they sleep; so that our Time is, as I may say, quite disjointed, and can never hit or square with the Times of Business, Meals, or Visits of other People. By these Irregularities, every Thing goes to Disorder and Confusion; and beside the Loss of so much

Time, (and that the proper Time) the Indolence and Inactivity, that late-fitting-up and late lying-a-bed creates, renders us quite unfit and unapt for making Use of the Residue of Time left for Action.

Dr. *Swift* has painted this so just and strong in one of the Poems, which I copied out for you, that I need not expatiate further on it.

Would not a Merchant be laughed at for a Fool or Madman, who should loiter away his Time till the Exchange were shut, a Minister till the Time of Divine Service were past, a Lawyer till the Courts were up, or a Physician till the Patient were past Recovery, or dead? It is just as ridiculous and foolish in us, to mis-
time,

time the common Affairs, and Business of Life. *Solomon*, I think, says, "The slothful Man ploweth in Harvest;" meaning that he mis-times his Affairs, and neglects to sow his Grain, till others are going to reap theirs.

Another Means of purchasing Time, is, when we foresee a Crowd of Things coming on us together, and that we shall be hurried, to steal some Time beforehand, if we can, to do some Part of it, or block it, as we say, and prepare it so that it may become more easy and light.

I have a great Number of Affairs to do to-morrow; I foresaw them yesterday. I therefore chose to let Mr. L— make a Visit then. I seized the Time,

I had yesterday Afternoon to myself. I have wrote several Letters, which are not to go till to-morrow; have put my Papers in Order, and made a Beginning, in having dispatched all preparatory Work. I only mention this, to illustrate to you what I mean.

I shall give you the Respite of a Day or two, before I pursue this Matter. What I have to say further will be easily discussed.

I am, my dear Nancy,

yours,

J. P.

LET-

LETTER CXXXV.

Oxford, July 29, 1744.

My Dear,

I Am very well pleased with your judicious Remarks on *Tasso*. I knew you did not prefer *Tasso's* Description of Night to that of *Virgil*, though I thought proper to observe the Difference of the Choice of Circumstances therein in those two Poets.

I wrote to you in my last about the Purchasing of Time, and shall here add the following Observation ; leaving what I have to say farther on the Distribution of Time to another Occasion. A parti-

cular Piece of Business will prevent me for a While.

What signifies getting Time enough, without being able to use it? If we are lazy, indolent, or indisposed, it will be much the same as if we had it not. It will be like earning a good Meal, without a Stomach to digest it, or an Appetite to eat it; so that if we have ever so much Time, and have not Application, or if we are what the French call *dissipé*, it can be of very little Advantage to us.

In order then to fit us for the right Employment of Time, our Mind ought to be cool and serene, our Thoughts clear, our Spirits in Vigour, but undisturbed, and not in a Flurry. The Means
to

to attain this Disposition is to endeavour to be in good Health of Body. There is a strange Sympathy and Connection between the Body and Mind; the one is seldom well, when the other is out of Order. I am not going to prescribe to you as a Doctor; not being skilled in that Profession; but certainly Regularity and Moderation, in Eating, Drinking, Sleep, Exercises, Study, Business, and Diversions, are the best Means of preserving Health, and consequently of attaining an Easiness and Calm of Mind joined with Clearness and Strength of Thought.

But there are some other Things, that incapacitate us for Study or Business, which arise from the Mind itself. All

immoderate Passions, such as Grief, Anger, too earnest Desires, an inordinate Pursuit of Pleasure, or Trifles, and setting a too high Value on them, all these dissipate our Minds, unnerve and weaken them ; and at last sink them, leaving nothing but the Dregs of Thought behind.

Another Consideration should make us still more careful to avoid whatever impairs or destroys our Health of Body, or the Faculties of our Mind. The Body and Mind do not only act upon, and affect one another mutually, but they re-act again and again upon each other, like a Ball tossed to and fro, forward and backward, in a Tennis-Court ; Grief, Rage, Envy, or any other violent Passions, do not only disturb and distract
the

the Mind, but they affect the Health; when the Health is affected, these Passions become more violent, and less supportable; these Passions, when become more violent, give a new Wound to the Health, which adds fresh Force, or, at least, more Malignity, to the Passions, and so on reciprocally; and if God, out of his infinite Goodness, had not given us such Constitutions, as sometimes to get the better of all this, *we do not know how*, this Action and Re-action would certainly destroy us; indeed, it very often does.

I shall refer the Remainder to my next, and am,

dear Nancy,

yours most affectionately,

J. P.

R. 6

L. E. T.

LETTER CXXXVI.

Oxon. Aug. 2, 1744.

Dear Nancy,

I Have written you my Thoughts, in the best Manner I can, about purchasing Time, and how that Time may not be useless, by our being in an unfit Disposition to use it. The Question now is, how that Time ought to be distributed, laid out, or bestowed.

There are two or three general Rules I would have you observe.

First, reckon with yourself, how much Time such or such a Thing may take,
then

then how much such another Thing, and so on, and divide and distribute your Time accordingly.

But then in the next, or rather in the first Place, you ought to make a sort of Calculation or Reckoning of how many Things you have to do; as for Example, to-day, or to-morrow, and forecast in your Mind, in what Order you will do them.

Then consider what Time is most proper for the one, and what for the other; what in the Morning, what in the Afternoon, &c.

By all Means, consider what is most necessary, what is most valuable, what deserves

deserves most Time. Common Sense, and the universal Consent of the World, allow that these are to be most minded; so that if you have Time, the greatest Portion of that, as well as of Care, Pains, Application, and Study, are to be laid out on Things that deserve it best, or that we are most interested in, or what must be necessarily done; and if, in Spite of all our Endeavours, we have not Time enough, and are hurried, we ought always to prefer what is most necessary and most valuable.

Some People, when hurried either unavoidably, or through their own Fault, will leave nothing undone, but do a little of every thing, and so flubber their Affairs, that nothing is done to the Purpose;

pose ; whereas it would have been much better in that Hurry, to have left the less necessary Things absolutely untouched, till another Occasion.

The Purchase of Time will put us out of the Necessity of being hurried ; being in good Health and Spirits will double Time, and keep us from being languid ; forecasting the Particulars will keep us from an Uncertainty and Irresolution of what we are to do.

The due Distribution of Time, and chusing the most proper Seasons, is necessary to doing Things well and effectually.

The

The Preference of Things, or Studies, that are most necessary, valuable, or profitable, will always make our Business and Study most advantageous to us.

To this I shall add, that in Things indifferent, we ought to consult our Bent and Humour; if it is not inclined to what is trifling, or worse, to what our Genius is fittest for. We shall assuredly learn much more, and more to the Purpose, when we apply to what we have a Turn for, than to what is *against the Grain*.

I only hint these Points to you, without expatiating on them, which indeed I have not Time for at present, nor do
I think

I think it needful. Your own good Sense will see into the Truth of them, and reflect and enlarge upon them.

I own, such is human Frailty, that we cannot, at all Times, come up to the strict Observance of them, even with all our Endeavours; but we should surely strive to do it, in the Main, and as forcibly as we are able.

I own too, that Sicknefs, Indisposition, unforeseen Accidents, Visits, Avocations, and Interruptions of many Sorts, and even Business itself, will break in on these Rules; but they ought not surely to be wholly neglected, because they cannot be precisely kept.

These

These Rules are general, and will always hold true, at least, in my humble Opinion ; and if they always hold true, we should always endeavour to keep to them, with those Allowances above. I do not think I need trouble you with any more of this Kind, nor indeed do I immediately recollect any ; but there are some particular Things, which, in a long Course of Time, I have observed ; these are a sort of *Knacks*, if I may call them so, of studying, or doing Business in an useful Way. Every Man, I suppose, has some of those peculiar to himself, and there may be many which I never heard of ; but such as have been observed by me I shall make the Subject of my next Letter ; and I am confident, from Experience, that

that they cannot fail of being very serviceable to any Person, who pleases to practise them.

I am,

my dear Nancy,

your affectionate Friend,

J. P.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Oxon. Aug. 7, 1744.

My dear Nancy,

I Received yours of the 4th of this Month, with which I am very well pleased.

I would

380 GENUINE LETTERS.

I would fain give you a true Idea of the Importance of the few Rules or Directions which I offered you in my late Letters.

Consider, then that our Time is limited; we have but a certain Portion of Time to live, and even That of the longest Liver is but very short. How great a Part of it is taken up in Eating, Drinking, Sleeping, Dressing, Company, Avocations, Interruptions, and many other Functions of Life, that are necessary and indispensable, or, at least, unavoidable! Add to these, Indisposition, Sicknefs, the Decays of old Age, and the Cares of Life, which grow upon us daily.

blow I

But

But if we were to live ever so long, pray consider that our Understandings and Memories are limited, and are very short and imperfect; even those Persons, whose Memories are strongest and most tenacious, can retain but very few Things, in Comparison with what they see, hear, read, and observe. Many Things slide out of our Memories, some sooner, others later, and many make no Impression at all.

In like Manner, our Understandings are limited; some can comprehend more, others less; but the highest Pitch, that human Understanding can fly to, is but very low. There are moreover Thousands of Things, that, if we should rack our Understandings ever so much, we
can

can never attain to the Knowledge and Comprehension of ; they lye without the Sphere and Province of our Conception, or, as Mr. *Locke* expreffes it, *beyond the Length of our Tether.*

Philosophers fay, there are certain Cells in the Brain, some of which are the Seats of our Reason or Understandings, and others of our Memory. Some are more capacious than others ; others not fo capacious, but hold, what they receive better ; however there is but a limited Number, and, when full, they can hold no more ; or, at least, new Ideas, when they take Place, juttle out the old ones.

If

If Time were to endure for ever, or very long, we need not be so solicitous of husbanding it well ; or, short as it is, if our Understandings and Memories were infinite, or, at least, of a vast Compass, we could do a great deal in a small Space. But as the wise Author of our Being has disposed Things otherwise, ought we not to obey the Limitation he has prescribed us ?

To divide and distribute our Time aright, should we not endeavour to be in a Disposition of Mind and Body, to be able to take Time, when Time is, and to chuse fit and proper Periods for acting, and when we are disposed and capable to use Time ?

Ought

Ought we not to prefer what is proper, useful, worthy and necessary, to that which is less so? much more to Trifles, (unless for Diversion or Recreation) and, most of all, to what is bad, hurtful, or vicious?

If you, or I, or any one else, waste Time in reading uselefs Books, or in some impertinent Thing or frivolous Employ, the idle Ideas we lay up justle, or keep out, as many good and wholesome ones; if they slide away, and leave Room for better, which is the best that can befall us in such a Case, we have, at least, lost so much Time; but if they fix on our Memory and Understanding, then indeed our State is doubly miserable. I still except necessary
fary

fary Recreations, and the particular Trades or Business, wherein we are brought up, and by which we must get a Livelihood; many whereof are in themselves trifling enough, but then they are necessary, as being the Means of Subsistence.

Now if the proper Times and particular Seasons of Application, and when we are fit and capable to apply, are to be watched and taken, how much more is the Time of Life, in general, which is fittest for us, and to which we are best suited, to be well and diligently applied? I mean, the Time of our Youth, when the Journey of Life is before us, when we have most Leisure, before we are engaged in the Cares and Concerns

of the World we are to struggle through ; when our Minds are most pliable, and when we receive the deepest and most lasting Impressions ; when we have a certain Facility both of taking up Things, and retaining them—On all Accounts, therefore, Youth is the most proper Season to lay in a Fund for carrying us through the World with Comfort, and Joy, and Innocence, and Credit. How many Wretches do we see of both Sexes, who, for Want of this Precaution and Provision, lead miserable and disgraceful Lives, and come to an untimely and shameful End !

There is one Thing in regard to the Narrowness of our Understanding, which give me Leave to mention to you.

Some

Some Things are hard, and require much Attention to be comprehended aright. If these Things are necessary, or worth our While, the Difficulty ought not to frighten us ; but if they are otherwise, we should not break our Heads about them. Some have a Genius for one Thing, some for another ; and it is wonderful to observe how ready and able some People are to learn some Things, and how hard it is to make them comprehend others, which one would think much easier.

Pope has treated this with great Justice, somewhere in his Works ; I think it is in the fourth Book of his *Dunciad*. He laughs at the Practice of our Schools and Colleges, where they fet every Boy

to the making of Verses, without considering whether he has Talents for it or no.

I have been often told that the Jesuits abroad take a quite different Method with their Pupils. They carefully study the Temper and Turn of Mind, and when they have discovered that, they then set them to that which their Genius is most suited to.

But some Things lie quite out of the Reach of our Understanding. All the natural Philosophers, that have been or are now in the World, have not hitherto been able to account for Thousands of Things, that present themselves to us every Day; why, for Example, the Grass
is

is green, the Rose red, the Lily white, the Cowslip yellow, the Violet blue, the Tulip variegated or party-coloured ; why a certain Sort of Tree always bears an Apple, another a Pear, a third a Plumb, and so forth, with Millions of other Things. We have but few Faculties, and fewer Senses, which are the Inlets of all Knowledge. All the Descriptions and Definitions that can be made, will never give a Man, who was born blind, the least Idea or Notion of a Colour, or one born deaf, any Notion of Sound. Things being thus, how idle is it in People to puzzle themselves with Objects that lie without the Sphere of their Knowledge or Comprehension ! And if it be so in these lesser Matters, how rash is it, with regard to the high and tre-

mendous Myſteries of our Religion, in preſuming Men to endeavour to explain them to others, who cannot comprehend them themſelves !

Dr. *Sherlock*, Father to the preſent Biſhop of *Salisbury*, did more Hurt to Religion, (at leaſt in my Opinion) though undeſignedly, by endeavouring to explain the *Trinity*, than if he had wrote a Treatiſe againſt it.

Others preſumptuouſly and prophanely condemn and deride, deſperately reject and renounce our Holy Religion, and the ſacred Treasures of the Scripture, becauſe, forſooth, they cannot comprehend every thing taught there ; as if
nothing

nothing could be true, but what they could account for; although they see ten thousand Things every Day, that are obvious to their Senses, and yet not one of them can be accounted for by the Wit of all Mankind put together.

Such Scoffers as these would perhaps term what I am saying *Cant*; they have many low Arts and Expressions, to support each other in such vain Tenets, as are not to be justified by Reason. God forbid they should ever affect the sober and meek! Better is it for us to be submissive, teachable, and humble-minded, than to sail along with a Tide of Fools, whose greatest

Comfort must be, the Hope of being
Nothing at last.

I am,

my dear Nancy,

your sincere Friend,

and Well-wisher,

J. P.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Oxon. Aug. 11, 1744.

My dear Nancy,

I Resume my Discourse on the Employ-
ment of Time.

Besides the few general Rules, which
every Body should observe as much as
their

their Health and Disposition of Mind and Business will allow them, there are some particular Things, which, if observed, will, in my Opinion, tend much to our bestowing Time to Purpose.

But there is one of these general Rules, which I must again recommend, as a certain Knack or Nostrum to make Time pass easily and profitably, and that is what I called *forecasting* what we have to do, or what we design to read or study ; for Instance, in the Evening what we are to do next Day, or in the Morning, what we are to do all Day, or for two or three Days to come.

There are many excellent Effects follow on this Method ;

S 5

First,

First, we find hereby when we shall have a void Space of Time; we can therefore fill it up with something that would oppress us afterwards; or we can beforehand, if we have no Business that will hurry us after, contrive something to do or read, or some Diversion that would encroach too much on Business at another Time, or contrive our Visits so as not to encroach on Business at all.

It would also give us a View of all we had to do, at once, so that we should not only proportion our Time aright, but even chuse the fittest Time for every Branch of our Business and Diversion.

We

We should moreover not be at a Loss or Doubt, what to do first, or whether to do such a Thing or not. I have often felt, that, when I was surpris'd with an idle Space of Time, for Want of having forcasted what I was to do, I continued in Doubt and Irresolution, and in a fauntering Disposition, and as much to seek, as when I happened to be surpris'd with a Hurry of Business, not knowing where or how to begin. This is the Reason that so many People are longer in beginning and falling to Action, than others are in compleating it. Many People have I seen come to a Friend's House, in order to spend an Afternoon, but presently, perhaps, they remembered they had something to do, then away they would go; then, perhaps, change

their Minds and come back again. I have seen People go in and out of a Coffee-House, three or four Times in half an Hour ; or go, perhaps, along half a Street, then turn short, and go another Way, or turn back. All this comes from not forecasting what they have to do, and not having resolved to do what they have suddenly taken into their Heads.

No Doubt, you have seen all this as well as I, and I do not say that I have not been guilty of it as well as others.

I have been in Company where I have seen People that were for the Park ; then for Vaux-Hall, and not the Park ; then for neither, but for the Play-House ; then
not

not for that, but for the Tavern; yet, at last, went to none of them. My God! how uneasy are these People to themselves, and often to others! All proceeds, I say, from not forecasting Things beforehand, and Want of Resolution to execute what they intend. In short, the good Effects of Forecast are so visible, and the bad Effects of the Want of it so obvious, that I need not longer dwell upon it.

I must refer the rest to my next.

I am, dear Nancy,

yours,

J. P.

L E T.

L E T T E R CXXXIX.

Oxon. Sept. 16, 1744.

Dear Nancy,

SINCE I wrote you last, I have been much in the Country, and besides there has been such a Hurry in this Town, with Horse-Races, Balls, Concerts, and a World of Company, that I had not Time to write as I designed.

I have three Letters of yours unanswered, all on the same Subject *, and am very well pleased with them.

** Tasso's Jerusalem delivered.*

What

What they call the *Fortunate Islands* is certainly fabulous, as the Gardens of *Alcinous*, the Grotto of *Circe* and *Calypso*, and the *Hesperian* Gardens. Whether any of the Antients found the Way to the *Azores* Islands, or our *Bermudas* Islands, which, it is said, bid fair to answer the poetical Descriptions, is more than we know, or whether they took their Hints from some dark Account of Paradise. *Homer* wrote (his *Odysssey*) near three thousand Years ago, *Tasso*, I believe, not above three Hundred. I cannot conceive why he differs from *Homer*, in his Account of *Ulysses*. *Lisbon* is reported to have been named so by *Ulysses*; if he really did name it, he must have sailed without *Hercules's Pillars*,
which

400 GENUINE LETTERS

which were at the Straits of *Gibraltar*, as may be seen by the Map.

To-morrow, or next Day, I shall have more Leisure to write, and then you may count to hear from me.

Je suis, toujours, ma chere Nannette,
votre Ami très sincere,

J. P..

LETTER CXL.

Oxon. Sept. 18, 1744.

My dear Nancy,

TO resume my Discourse on Time—

The last Rule, I think, that I wished to be observed, to stop wearisome

some Gaps in Time, was either to prepare something that we know is before our Hand, or resume something that we had not Time to finish. This is an excellent Method of keeping ourselves from Indolence and Idleness, and forwarding our Business, Study, or Knowledge; and nothing so much contributes to make this easy and practicable, as fore-laying every thing we have to do. When we look before us, we shall see what Time we are like to be disengaged, and then we can provide for the right Use of that Time.

Another Point I would recommend, is as follows. When we have not any thing to prepare beforehand, nor any thing to do that was obliged to be left
undone,

undone, suppose we were to think of some By-Study, or useful Matter to employ ourselves in, that should touch us but on such Occasions.

For Example, Nancy, what if you, in such a Case, should get the Use of some News-Papers, particularly the General or London Evening Post, read them over, and even the Advertisements? You would there find many Things, of which you have, as yet, perhaps, no Idea. As all *Europe* is now in Motion, you would hereby have a Conception of what is doing, and what you cannot miss to hear talked of; and if you would lay out a Trifle on a Map of *Europe* in general, and of the particular Countries likewise, and consult your Maps for every Thing
you

you read about, it would be a very fine, and no unprofitable, Amusement ; for by this Means, and, as it were, by Way of Diversion, you would come to understand Geography, and comprehend what is now so much in the Mouths of all the World. This would give you the Pleasure of understanding what you hear and read, of forming, with some Exactness, an Idea of the Countries and Actions you read of, which none can do, who know not the Situations of Places, where the Scene of Action lies. Such Persons as know not, for Example, where *France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Hungary, Prussia, &c.* are, whether they lie East, West, North, or South, or how they lie in respect to each other, or whether they are near or far off, what Pleasure

sure can they have in *Prince Charles's* passing and re-passing the *Rhine*, or what Notion can they have of his Marches, and the Marches of his Enemies? Why really, scarce any.

I would not, however, have you be either a great Geographer, or News-Monger; but this would not only be pleasant Amusement in idle Hours, but would enable you to have right Notions and Ideas of Things that are often talked of. Now this, or some such Employ, I would have you set apart only for the Hours you find yourself languid in; but, by no means, let it encroach on the Times of Business, and when you are more necessarily, and more importantly engaged.

There

There is another Thing, in which Time that lies heavy on our Hands might be still more usefully employed, and that is, in doing some Handy-Work. I have many Times regretted that I never learned to do, or make, some useful Thing or other, to fill up these tedious Intervals. I have known Gentlemen learn to Draw, or Play on some Instrument, or Work at some useful Art, especially *Turning*, which is easily learned; and I have seen a Lady lately sit five or six Hours at making Nets, Flowering or Embroidering. Such Employments as these often turn out advantageous Concerns to those who are not capable of high Pursuits, and are happy Relaxations to those who are.

I am your's very truly

J. P.

LET-

LETTER CXLI.

Oxon, Sept. 21, 1744.

Dear Nancy,

I Wrote you three Days ago; what I have more to say will not take up much Time, but I shall spin it out to two Letters.

One Thing earnestly to be recommended, as the Means of making either Study or Business useful and effectual, is to improve the Times and Circumstances, that favour them. There are certain Seasons and Occasions, by, and

LET

There in

in, which we can profit more than others. I do not only mean what I wrote formerly about the proper Times of the Day for this or that, and the Times when we find ourselves in the best Disposition, or when the best Opportunities offer, (tho' these are to be greatly noticed) yet I now mean something more.

There are Accidents or Circumstances, that contribute much to make deep Impressions on the Mind and Memory. For Example, when we hear any Thing that is *new* to us; this excites the Curiosity, and is a proper Time to inform ourselves about it. When a Thing is strange or surprizing, or when it comes newly in Vogue, or when we hear
many

many People talk about a Book, or other Matter, or commend, or discommend it, or when we hear different Characters of some Circumstance or Author, or when People contest and dispute about any Thing, then the Mind is excited ; and such Opportunities of Improvement are never to be neglected, unless the Subject is of no Concern ; but even in that Case, People will remember, or be curious to know Things in such Circumstances.

Not only Things that are new, uncommon, or extraordinary, make deep Impressions, but what we learn, hear, read, or do, at such Times, make deep Impressions too. There is a certain Connection of Ideas that I cannot account for,

for, by which they are drawn along, as by a Chain of different Links. You have heard People say, “ I remember
 “ such a Circumstance very well, be-
 “ cause such a Thing happened at that
 “ Time, or I was in such a Place.”

If we change our usual Place of Residence, or our customary Way of Life, we shall, for some little While, remember better what happened, or what we read, heard, or saw, in that Interval, than what occurs ordinarily ; and I have often observed, when I have come to a Place or Company, from which I had been some Time absent, my former Thoughts have then come back into my Mind, tho’ perhaps I had never once reflected on them, from the Time

I had been before in that Place or Company.

It is for this Reason, that those who teach *the Art of Memory*, lay down this Rule; namely, that *when we have many Things to remember, we should join the Idea of some very known Place, Person, or Circumstance, to the Thing, we would remember*; and we even see People, who never studied Rules, very commonly use this Method. How often have we heard People say, “This, that, or the other
“Circumstance, will make me remem-
“ber such a Particular, or such, or such
“a Thing recalls it to my Mind.

I am, my Dear,

Yours sincerely,

J. P.

L E T.

GENUINE LETTERS. 4th

LETTER CXLII.

Oxon, Sept. 24, 1744.

THE next Thing, I would recommend, is to conquer that Indolence, which some People are, either constitutionally or habitually, encumbered with. I know this is a very hard Lesson, and what I could never absolutely be Master of myself. What is accompanied with Difficulties, or what is not to our Taste, we bring ourselves to do with great Reluctance; and we satisfy ourselves with any Sort of Excuse, to put it off and delay it, from Time to Time. I have often experienced this in myself; but if

the Thing we thus fly from, is either necessary or proper, we ought, by all Means, to compel ourselves to do it, and even offer Violence to our Tempers, to overcome this Indolence. The best Method I know for this, is to take the first Opportunity when we are in a proper Disposition, and *to make a Beginning*. Thus all the Poets and Philosophers advise. *Ovid* says, “He, who has made a good Beginning, has half-ended his Business.”* *Horace* and *Perseus* say the same; *Incipe*, that is, *Begin*, is their constant Rule. I will not give you the Translation of a noble Passage from *Horace*, it is so wretchedly rendered, but

* “*Dimidium, Qui bene cæpit, habet.*”

one of our Poets says, much to the same Purpose,

Begin —

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,

To-morrow's Sun to thee may never rise.

There is indeed nothing like making once a Beginning in earnest, for, by little and little, we are reconciled to the Subject and Task. Then Difficulties begin to vanish, at least, they grow smoother and easier by Degrees, especially if we set our Hearts to conquer them; and so, what was once our Aversion, becomes, at last, easy, and often a Pleasure to us.

The next Point to be observed, is to conquer our Curiosity. When we find

our Hearts set upon some Reading, Business, or Diversion, that is improper, we should endeavour to master that Passion, and make it submit to our Advantage ; otherwise, every new Thing that surprises us, or that we are fond of, will make us break off, and turn away from the Pursuit of what is useful to us.

But in either Case, that is, when our Indolence, Aversion, or Curiosity, is so strong that we cannot conquer it at once, we ought to do it by Degrees. We may be in so unfit a Disposition, that our Struggling can do us no Good, at one Time ; then, perhaps, we had better give Way, for that Instant, resolving not to yield it up, but get the better by Degrees. I have been seized with such
a strong

a strong Curiosity, that if I had not indulged it for that Time, all other Applications had been useless ; for Example, on Receipt of some extraordinary News, or Letters long expected, and often on Receipt of Letters from you, that, tho' I had compelled myself not to read them, (which I could have done) yet I could not have done any Thing else to Purpose, 'till I had perused them, so much have they ran in my Head.

I am, my Dear,

Yours,

J. P.

LETTER CXLIII.

Oxon, Sept. 26, 1744.

Dear Nancy,

THE last Point I would recommend in Study or Business, is what we call *Method*. The chief Rule herein, where the Nature of the Study requires it, is to get a general Idea of our Subject-Matter, in all its different Parts. When we have seen through it, we should range those Parts in some Order, and fix them in our Mind. Thus seen through, the Affair will become much easier. Were we even but learning
some

some new Game at Cards, it may be reasonably imagined that this Method will make us comprehend it much better, and more easily.

Our next Care is to be Master of the chief Difficulties, which will still obstruct our Knowledge, and hang a dead Weight upon us, in the Course of our Studies, if not absolutely mastered. For Instance, in the French Language, those who will not be at the Pains to get the two Auxiliary Verbs *Avoir* and *Etre* perfectly at first, will find a heavy Clog lie upon them, through the whole Study of that Tongue, which will cost them ten Times the Pains, that would be necessary to learn them perfectly at first.

You know yourself that there are some Rules of Practice, which make Things easy ; and without which, we may puzzle our whole Life over, without coming to our Purpose, or, at best, spend a long Time, and bestow vast Labour in resolving them. By common Arithmetick we may blacken many Sheets of Paper, and bestow many Hours, nay, even Days, to resolve a Question, which by Decimals or Algebra may be resolved in a few Minutes. But to illustrate this by an Instance familiar to yourself, how many Tricks at Cards have you shewed me, that I could never find out or account for, unless you had pointed out the Method ?

I shall

I shall take Occasion soon to transcribe
the four famous Rules of *Des-Cartes*, and
with them shall finish this Subject.

I am,

my dearest Nancy,

yours,

J. P.

LETTER CXLIV.

Oxon, Oct. 2, 1744.

My dear Nancy,

YOU say there is Part of a former
Letter, which you do not clearly
comprehend; and I can perceive that
you think I have given contradictory

T 6

Rules,

Rules, though you do not so express yourself. I proceed to explain it.

There is a great Difference between conquering or subduing our Passions, and extinguishing them. It is certainly our Duty to be Masters of our Passions and Appetites, but not to extinguish them, for they were given us by the wise Author of our Nature for excellent Purposes. Without them, we should never be at Pains to do any good or great Action; and therefore when they are subservient to our Reason, they bear the Mind up against Fatigue, Indolence, and In-application; but they make sad Work, when they reign and tyrannize over us. What *Horace* has said of Anger, may be said of every Passion and Appetite. I must
give

give it you in the disadvantageous Translation of *Greech*.

Anger is a short Frenzy ; curb thy Soul,

*And check thy Rage, which must be rul'd, or
rule ;*

Use all thy Art, with all thy Force restrain,

And take the strongest Bit, and firmest Rein.

It is certain, that if we do not get the Mastery of our Passions, they will be our Masters—*They must be ruled, or rule.* Now to apply this to the Difficulty you propose.

It is most certainly a proper Opportunity to learn a Thing, when our Curiosity is excited by some Accident. Then the Application will be vigorous, the
Impres-

Impressions deep, and will continue long. Yet, notwithstanding this, *Reason*, which is the *Image of God* in our Minds, and which distinguishes us from all the lower Creation, *Reason*, I say, should preside and controul.

If the Thing our Curiosity is employed about, is worth our While, we may then give the Reins to our Curiosity ; otherwise, let us call in Reason to our Aid ; let her keep her Seat, and do her Office. We must then *take our strongest Bit, and firmest Rein*. This is a Metaphor, you see, taken from riding. The Rider is our Reason, the Horse, the Passions ; which we must sometimes give the Reins to, sometimes check, sometimes spur and switch, but, at all Times,
direct

direct and manage. You perceive all this agrees with what was first said, namely, that the Passions are to be governed, moderated, and subdued, but not extinguished, any more than a Horse, instead of being broke and trained, ought to be knocked on the Head, or all the Blood in the Body let out to cure a Fever, or the Head to be cut off, to cure a Vertigo.

Again, there is a great Difference between some strong and sudden Gusts and Fits of Passion, Curiosity, for Instance, and an habitual Dominion of the Passions over us. The best and wisest of Men may be now and then surprized, as the best Rider may be thrown, when
 he

he is not on his Guard, especially; now I say, in such a Case, for Example, if a strong Fit of Curiosity possesses us, which we cannot conquer, as in the Particulars I mentioned to you, it is better to yield a little for the Time, than to struggle in vain; yet, by no Means, to let it run into a Habit, but resume the Reins, as soon as possible. Just so, there are sometimes Fits of Indolence, Indisposition, Weariness, and Listlessness, if I may call it so, which seize us, and must be yielded Way to, for a short Time; but, if encouraged, are considerably more dangerous than the other; and for this good Reason, that all active Passions, such as Curiosity, decrease in Time, and wear out, or grow weaker by their own

own Activity, as Things in Motion tend to Rest, at last ; but Indolence, the more it is humoured, the more it grows, as Things at Rest never tend to Motion again of themselves, but must be put into Motion by a new Force ; and if they are heavy Bodies, the longer they lie on the Earth, the deeper they sink into it. This common and daily Experience shews us.

I am,

my dear Nancy,

ever yours,

J. P.

LET-

LETTER CXLV.

Oxon. Oct. 11, 1744.

Dear Nancy,

I Shall now give you the famous
 Monf. *Des-Cartes* four Rules of Me-
 thod.

Rule I. “To admit nothing for Truth,
 “ but what you have fully examined,
 “ and found to be so true, as that you
 “ have no Reason to doubt it; and to
 “ conclude nothing absolutely, but what
 “ you see clearly to follow from what
 “ you have so considered.”

This

This Rule is of excellent Use, to find out the Truth in Things of Difficulty, or to attain to the Knowledge of what requires Application. But I must warn you, that there are many Things, where this is not necessary, as in Things *qui sautent aux Yeux*, as the French say, Things clear and obvious in themselves, or Things that commonly occur in Life, or are generally known and practised; and in Things that do not concern you whether they be true or false, and in many trifling Matters. For Want of this Precaution, I have heard of some Admirers of *Des-Cartes*, who have run into unaccountable Follies, and have given themselves great Disquiet, in applying his Rules on every Occasion, and have there-

thereby made their Lives a Burthen to
selves.

Rule II. "That all the Difficulties you
"are to examine, be divided into such
"and so many Parts as are necessary, in
"order to attain the Knowledge of what
"you pursue."

I shall say nothing on this Rule; I
think the Usefulness of it is very plain.

Rule III. "To dispose all the Parti-
"culars you are to consider, in the most
"natural Order."

That is, you are to consider the more
simple and plain Things, before the
more compounded and perplexed; those
that

that are necessary to be first understood, before those that arise out of them. For Example, in Arithmetic, which you understand a little.

A Numeration-Table stands first; then we learn to add Numbers to Numbers; the next Thing that naturally follows, is to take Numbers from Numbers, which is most easily learned, after we have learned to add Numbers. This is called Subtraction. After this, Multiplication becomes familiar and easy; then follows Division, which requires both Addition, Subtraction, and Multiplication in the Operation.

In *Euclid's* famous Principles of the Mathematics, called his *Elements*, he proceeds

ceeds in this admirable Method. His first Proposition is necessary to the understanding the second, the second to the third, the third to the fourth, and so on. This I think sufficient to explain what I mean.

This Rule, however, only holds good in Things that have a Relation or Connection, and Dependence on one another. As for Example, in learning *French*, as I said before, we shall be continually at a Loss, if we do not make ourselves Masters of the auxiliary Verbs, *avoir* and *être*, because they run into every Verb. Yet I think the surest Way to get the *French* is to begin, after these two Verbs, with the other Verbs regular and irregular, though they are much harder

harder than Nouns, Pronouns, &c. The Reason is, there is no such necessary Connection between these and Verbs, that they must be learned first, in order to gain the other ; and as we remember best what we learn first in the Study of Languages, I am firmly of Opinion, that Verbs ought to be first attained.

Rule IV. “ To be sure to omit no-
 “ thing necessary to be taken into the
 “ Consideration of the Question you are
 “ in Search of, or the Attainment of
 “ what you want to know.”

How many People have laboured in vain
 to come to the Ground of a Difficulty,
 or even attain the Understanding of an
 Art

Art or Trade perfectly, by not observing this Rule ; and perhaps omitting one necessary Thing, which made all the rest defective !

Some People have thought a fifth Rule necessary, and indeed I am one of them.

Rule V. “ To separate every thing
“ from the Question, that is not per-
“ tinent to the Resolution of the Dif-
“ ficulty.”

I have often thought this Rule as necessary as any of the others. When we take any foreign Matter into the State of a Question, or Study of a Point, it embarrasses and perplexes us, and carries
us

us away on a wrong Scent. You cannot fail to have observed this in People, whose Passions, Prejudices, Inattention, Ignorance, or Mistakes, lead them away from the Point in Question, and make them wander quite from the true State of it.

The learned have stated two Kinds of Reasoning in the Mind, Discourse, or Method, as they call it. My next shall be on that Subject, but I shall be very short, and then I have done.

J. P.

LETTER CXLVI.

Oxon. Oct. 14, 1744.

THE two Methods I mentioned, my dear Nancy, are termed by the Learned, the Analytic Method, and the Synthetic Method. These are two Greek Words. The first signifies no more, in plain English, than to resolve, or separate, and take into Pieces ; the latter, to compound or lay together ; and in all Things that we would learn or know, one or other of these must be followed ; for we must either separate the Subject into different Parts, and consider those distinctly, or we must put them together

ther, and consider them jointly, and see what will be the Result.

But these two Methods are not indifferent to every Sort of Subject. The Nature of some requires to be considered analytically, others synthetically, and to come at the Knowledge of some Things, both must be used.

In Grammar, that is, the learning of a Language, the analytical Method is used to understand to read, write, or speak a Language; we consider the different Parts of Speech, as Nouns, Pronouns, Verbs, &c. In Nouns we consider the Substantives and Adjectives; we divide them into declinable and indeclinable; we divide the Declensions, con-

sider the different Cases, Numbers, Genders, and so forth. In Pronouns we consider the first, second, and third Person, the demonstrative, relative, and possessive. Verbs we divide into regular and irregular; then into active, passive, neuter, and reciprocal; then we consider them in their different Moods, Tenses, Persons, and Numbers. This is sufficient to make you apprehend the Usefulness of this Method, called analytical.

In Logic, that is, the Art of Reasoning, we proceed in another Manner. Here we begin with simple Perception, or what is called a single Idea. Then we proceed to Judgment, that is, considering two Ideas together, and comparing them and finding the Relation or
Want

Want of Relation between them. For Example, when we consider the Ideas of Fire and Heat together, we pronounce “that Fire is hot.” When we consider and compare the Ideas we have of God and Death, or Sin, we find a Want of Relation, or an Incompatibility between them ; hence we pronounce, “God is “not subject to Death, or to Sin.”

When we have thus formed a Judgment, we can go further, and carry on our Reasoning in a Chain ; as thus—
 “If God cannot sin, he must necessarily be good ; if he cannot die, he “must be eternal.” This is called Discourse ; which Word does not properly signify *talking* as we use it, but reasoning, and laying Things together, or

separating them, and so finding out Inferences.

We then proceed to *Method*; which is, ordering and disposing our Thoughts, so as best to attain the Knowledge of what we want to find out, by either or both of the afore-mentioned Ways; and all the Art of Logic depends on these four Operations on the Mind, to wit, Perception, Judgment, Discourse, and **Method**.

Thus in Geometry, a *Point* is first considered; next to that a *Line*, which is a Continuation of Points; this gives us the Idea of Length; the next is the Idea of Breadth; from these two we have the Idea of *Surface*; and when to
Length

Length and Breadth we take in Depth, we get the Idea of a *Solid*. From these Ideas arise all our Notions of Squares, Curves, Triangles, Cubes, &c. with all their Proportions and Relations.

You have now, I doubt not, a just Notion of what is called analytical, what synthetical, and of the Usefulness of their different Operations.

I said that in some Studies both Methods may be necessary; and they may be so, either in some different Parts of a long or intricate Question, or even sometimes to the right understanding of the whole.

To give the best Idea hereof that I can, take this familiar Illustration.

Suppose you wanted to know the Machinery and Movements of a Watch, it would be necessary to take the whole Movement in Pieces before you, to explain the Use of every Part, to make you observe the Shape, Form, and Figure of each, to shew you how it is fitted for such or such an Use, or Purpose, and how its Structure contributes to this Use. This is the *Analytical* Method. But to make you understand it perfectly, would it not, think you, be proper to put it together again before you, and to shew you thereby how each Part corresponded with and related to another, and how, from that Construction and Composition, the
Motions

Motions arise, and were continued, and conducted to the End, for which a Watch was designed? This is the *Syn-thetical Method*.

In such an Operation as this, we have Occasion to consider every thing duly, and so to admit nothing to be true, that is to say, fit for the Purpose it is said to be designed for, unless it evidently appears so. Here then is a Distribution of the Subject into as many Parts as are necessary; the simple Parts are first considered, then the Connection with others, then these Parts as compounded, and lastly the whole Frame, Composition, or System. Now if all these are duly considered, a nice Discerner will find out what is

wanting, and, by that Means, will omit nothing that is necessary to the Perfection of the Machine ; and if there is any thing amiss, or superfluous, he will be sensible, that it is to be altered, or removed. Herein then are the whole five Rules of Method, mentioned in my former Letter, comprized.

If Mr. *Greme* (the best Watch-Maker, perhaps, that ever was in the World) had not seen many Watches both taken asunder and put together, and had not considered every Part nicely by itself, and the whole when united, he would never have been able to remove some Things, and to add or alter others, as he has often done, to amazing Advantage.

I shall

I shall add no more on this Subject, only recommend a Treatise of Mr. Locke's, called *The Conduct of the Understanding*.

Adieu,

my dear Nancy,

J. P.

LETTER CXLVII.

Oxon. Oct. 30, 1744.

My dear Nancy,

I AM very well pleased with your Observations on *Tasso*; they are both ingenious and just, and no Critic needs be ashamed of them.

Since I wrote you last, our Professor of Poetry had a public Speech. It was on the Figure *Prosopopea*. This is, in plain English, *imagining* a Person, and directing our Discourse to him. He divided it into two Kinds, either applying to a Person absent, or to an inanimate Thing, as if it were a living Person.

This Division is well understood and very common. Thousands of Instances, of both Kinds, are to be found in *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, *Milton*, &c. Of the first Sort there is an Instance near the Beginning of the first Book of the *Æneid*, where *Æneas* invokes *Tydides*, as if he were present; but it is much stronger expressed in the Original, than
in

in the Translation. A noble Instance of the second Sort is in the fourth Book of *Paradise Lost*, where *Satan* addresses himself to the *Sun* ; and in another Place, where *Eve* talks to the Flowers, Trees, and Brooks, from which she is about to be banished.

But our Professor's chief Design was to shew that there were more strong, more grand, and more emphatical Figures, of this Kind, in the *Holy Scriptures*, than in all the Poets put together. For Instance, "Hear, O Heaven, "and give Ear, O Earth." *Jeremiah* addresses himself to the Sword of the *Lord*, "which," he says, "thirsteth for "Blood ;" and to his Arrows, which he calls "the Children of his Quiver." He
quoted

quoted many more, all very strong and emphatical, and shewed us some of the finest *Prosopopea*'s mixed with the strongest and most expressive Metaphors, and other Figures. But he insisted chiefly on a Passage in the Song of *Deborah* and *Sirak*, where they do not make a *Prosopopea* to the Mother of *Sisera*, but imagine her talking to her Ladies, and thence so impatient as to answer herself *. He

* The Mother of *Sisera* looked out at a Window, and cried through the Lattice, "Why is his Chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the Wheels of his Chariot?"

Her wise Ladies answered her—Yea, she returned Answer to herself.

"Have they not sped? Have they not divided the Prey, to every Man a Damself or two? To *Sisera* a Prey of divers Colours, a Prey of divers Colours of Needle-Work, of divers Colours of Needle-Work on both Sides, meet for the Necks of them that take the Spoil?" *Chap. v. Ver. 28, 29, 30.*

observed

observed the Impatience of a Mother for the Return of her Son, her looking out at the Lattice, her asking her Ladies, her returning Answer to herself, and then the Particulars that ran most in her Head, not Conquest nor Glory, but captive Damfels, and fine gorgeous Raiment; with an Imagination so warm and full, that she describes them as minutely as if she had seen them. This, he said, was natural to the Sex, quoted a similar Passage in *Virgil*, where *Camilla* is so blinded with the Armour of *Arunces*, that it occasions her to lose her Life. He then made an unfavourable Reflection, namely, how much the female Sex is taken up with Toys, and gaudy Trifles; a Reflection, which, I flatter myself, will
never

never, with any Justice, be applied to
you.

Adieu,

my dearest,

J. P. *

* Soon after the Date of this Letter, the Lady
had the Affliction to lose her valuable, revered,
and much-lamented Tutor, Guardian, Friend, and
Parent.

F I N I S.



Hull, Thomas, 1728-1808

Genuine Letters From A Gentleman To A Young Lady His Pupil Calculated To
form the Taste, regulate the Judgement and improve the Morals. Written
Some Years Since
Bd.: 2

London (1772)

Paed.pr. 1616-2

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10760010-7